THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyſelf preſent,
As child whoſe parent is unkent,
To him that is the Preſident
Of Nobleneſſe and Chivalrie.....
And, aſked who thee forth did bring?
A ſhepheard's ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head......
And when thou art paſt jeopardie,
Come tell me what was ſaid of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. VIII.

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. VIII.

CONTAINING HIS

SONNETS,	RUINS OF ROME,
ELEGIAC POEMS,	RUINS OF TIME,
TEARS OF THE MUSES,	MUIOPOTMOS,

&c. &c. &c.

Ah! Colin, whether on the lowly plain,
Piping to ſhepherds thy ſweet roundelays,
Or whether ſinging in ſome lofty vein
Heroick deeds of paſt or preſent days,
Or whether in thy lovely miſtreſs' praiſe
Thou liſt to exercise thy learned quill,
Thy Muſe hath got ſuch grace and power to pleaſe,
With rare invention, beautified by ſkill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill!

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

AMORETTI:

OR, SONNETS.

G. W. SEN. TO THE AUTHOR.

DARK is the day when Phœbus' face is ſhrouded,
And weaker ſights may wander ſoon aſtray,
But when they ſee his glorious rays unclouded,
With ſteddy ſteps they keep the perfect way;
So while this Muſe in foreign land doth ſtay,
Invention weeps, and pens are caſt aſide,
The time, like night, depriv'd of chearful day,
And few do write, but, ah! too ſoon may ſlide.
Then hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illuſtrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours' antient pride,
That do for poeſie challenge chiefeſt name:
So we that live, and ages that ſucceed,
With great applauſe thy learned Works ſhall read.

G. W. JUN. TO THE AUTHOR.

AH! Colin, whether on the lowly plain,
Piping to ſhepherds thy ſweet roundelays,
Or whether ſinging in ſome lofty vein
Heroick deeds of paſt or preſent days,
Or whether in thy lovely miſtreſs' praiſe
Thou liſt to exerciſe thy learned quill,
Thy Muſe hath got ſuch grace and power to pleaſe,
With rare invention, beautified by ſkill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill!
O therefore let that happy Muſe proceed
To clime the height of Vertue's ſacred hill!
Where endleſs honour ſhall be made thy meed;
Becauſe no malice of ſucceeding days
Can raſe thoſe records of thy laſting praiſe.

SONNET I

Happy, ye Leaves! whenas those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in Love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy Lines! on which with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book.
And happy Rimes! bath'd in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that angel's blessed look,
My soul's long-lacked food, my heaven's bliss.
Leaves, Lines, and Rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

Unquiet thought, whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-pined heart,
And sithence have with sighs and sorrows fed,
Till greater than my womb thou woxen art,
Break forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest like to vipers' brood,
And seek some succour, both to ease my smart,
And also to sustain thy self with food:
But if in presence of that fairest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet,
And with meek humbless and afflicted mood
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, entreat;
Which if she grant, then live, and my love cherish;
If not, die soon, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

The ſovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witneſs the world how worthy to be prais'd,
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail ſpirit, by her from baſeneſs rais'd;
That being now with her huge brightneſs daz'd,
Baſe thing I can no more endure to view,
But looking ſtill on her, I ſtand amaz'd
At wondrous ſight of ſo celeſtial hue.
So when my tongue would ſpeak her praiſes due,
It ſtopped is with thought's aſtoniſhment,
And when my pen would write her titles true,
It raviſh'd is with fancy's wonderment;
Yet in my heart I then both ſpeak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

New year forth looking out of Janus' gate,
Doth ſeem to promiſe hope of new delight,
And bidding th' old adieu, his paſſed date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpiſh ſpright.
And calling forth out of ſad Winter's night
Freſh Love, that long hath ſlept in cheerleſs bower,
Wills him awake, and ſoon about him dight
His wanton wings, and darts of deadly power:
For luſty Spring, now in his timely howre,
Is ready to come forth, him to receive,
And warns the Earth, with divers-colour'd flowre,
To deck her ſelf, and her fair mantle weave;
Then you, fair Flowre! in whom freſh youth doth reign,
Prepare your ſelf new love to entertain.

SONNET V.

Rudely thou wrongeſt my dear heart's deſire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I do moſt in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy moſt envide;
For in thoſe lofty looks is cloſe implide
Scorn of baſe things and 'ſdeign of foul diſhonour,
Threatning raſh eyes which gaze on her ſo wide,
That looſely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praiſe, ſuch portlineſs is honour,
That boldneſs innocence bears in her eyes,
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without ſome ſpark of ſuch ſelf-pleaſing pride.

SONNET VI

Be nought diſmaid that her unmoved mind
Doth ſtill perſiſt in her rebellious pride;
Such love not like to luſts of baſer kind,
The harder won, the firmer will abide.
The dureful oak, whoſe ſap is not yet dride,
Is long e'er it conceive the kindling fire,
But when it once doth burn, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aſpire;
So hard it is to kindle new deſire
In gentle breaſt that ſhall endure for ever;
Deep is the wound that dints the parts entire
With chaſte affects that nought but death can ſever.
Then think not long in taking little pain
To knit the knot that ever ſhall remain.

SONNET VII.

FAIR eyes, the mirrour of my mazed heart,
What wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,
The which both life and death forth from you dart
Into the object of your mighty view?
For when ye mildly look with lovely hue,
Then is my soul with life and love inspir'd;
But when ye lowre, or look on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fir'd.
But since that life is more than death desir'd,
Look ever lovely, as becomes you best;
That your bright beams of my weak eyes admir'd,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honour of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MORE than most fair, full of the living fire
Kindled above, unto the Maker near;
No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire,
That to the world nought else be counted dear:
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound?
But, angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world where your light shined never;
Well is he born that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powreful eyes which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' image of the goodly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still persever;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto chrystal, for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness mought offend her:
Then to the Maker self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

Unrighteous lord of Love! what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
Of her free-will scorning both thee and me?
See how the tyranness doth joy to see
The huge massacres which her eyes do make,
And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance take.
But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth control
All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
And all her faults in thy black book enrol,
That I may laugh at her in equal sort
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

SONNET XI.

DAILY when I do ſeek and ſue for peace,
And hoſtages do offer for my truth,
She, cruel warriour, doth her ſelf addreſs
To battel, and the weary war renew'th;
Ne will be mov'd with reaſon or with ruth
To grant ſmall reſpit to my reſtleſs toil,
But greedily her fell intent purſu'th,
Of my poor life, to make unpitied ſpoil.
Yet my poor life, all ſorrows to aſſoil,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie,
But then ſhe ſeeks, with torment and turmoil,
To force me live, and will not let me die.
All pain hath end, and every war hath peace;
But mine no price nor prayer may ſurceaſe.

SONNET XII.

ONE day I ſought with her heart-thrilling eyes
To make a truce, and terms to entertain,
All fearleſs then of ſo falſe enemies,
Which ſought me to entrap in treaſon's train:
So as I then diſarmed did remain,
A wicked ambuſh, which lay hidden long
In the cloſe covert of her guileful eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt ſo ſtrong,
Was forc'd to yield my ſelf into their hands,
Who me captiving, ſtraight with rigorous wrong
Have ever ſince kept me in cruel bands:
So, Lady, now to you I do complain
Againſt your eyes, that juſtice I may gain,

SONNET XIII.

In that proud port which her ſo goodly graceth,
Whiles her fair face ſhe rears up to the ſky,
And to the ground her eye-lids low embraceth,
Moſt goodly temperature ye may deſcry,
Mild humbleſs, mixt with aweful majeſty;
For looking on the earth, whence ſhe was born,
Her mind remembreth her mortality;
What-ſo is faireſt ſhall to earth return.
But that ſome lofty countenance ſeems to ſcorn
Baſe thing, and think how ſhe to heaven may clime,
Treading down earth as loathſome and forlorn,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with droſſy ſlime;
Yet lowly ſtill vouchſafe to look on me,
Such lowlineſs ſhall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

Return again, my forces, late diſmaid,
Unto the ſiege by you abandon'd quite;
Great ſhame it is to leave, like one afraid,
So fair a piece for one repulſe ſo light.
'Gainſt ſuch ſtrong caſtles needeth greater might
Than thoſe ſmall forces ye were wont belay;
Such haughty minds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Diſdain to yield unto the firſt aſſay.
Bring, therefore, all the forces that ye may,
And lay inceſſant battry to her heart;
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, ſorrow, and diſmay,
Thoſe engins can the proudeſt love convert;
And if thoſe fail, fall down and die before her,
So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

Ye tradeful Merchants! that with weary toil
Do feek moft precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treafure fpoil,
What needeth you to feek fo far in vain?
For, lo! my love doth in her felf contain
All this world's riches that may far be found;
If faphyrs, lo! her eyes be faphyrs plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies found;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are fineft gold on ground;
If filver, her fair hands are filver fheen:
But that which faireft is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

One day as I unwarily did gaze
On thofe fair eyes, my love's immortal light,
The whiles my ftonifh'd heart ftood in amaze,
Through fweet illufion of her look's delight,
I mote perceive how in her glancing fight
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright
At every rafh beholder paffing by:
One of thofe archers clofely I did fpy
Aiming his arrow at my very heart,
When fuddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The damfel broke his mifintended dart:
Had fhe not fo done fure I had been flain,
Yet as it was I hardly fcap'd with pain.

SONNET XVII.

The glorious pourtract of that angel's face,
Made to amaze weak mens confused skill,
And this world's worthless glory to embrace,
What pen, what pensil, can express her fill?
For though he colours could devise at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Lest trembling it his workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide,
The charming smiles that rob sense from the heart;
The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expressed be by any art:
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,
That can express the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

The rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
And drizling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,
And long intreaty, soften her hard heart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart:
But when I plead, she bids me play my part;
And when I weep, she says tears are but water;
And when I sigh, she says I know the art;
And when I wail, she turns her self to laughter:
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

SONNET XIX.

THE merry cuckow, meſſenger of ſpring,
His trumpet ſhrill hath thrice already ſounded,
That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned;
With noiſe whereof the quire of birds reſounded
Their anthems ſweet, devized of love's praiſe,
That all the woods their ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their lays:
But 'mongſt them all, which did Love's honour raiſe,
No word was heard of her that moſt it ought,
But ſhe his precept proudly diſobeys,
And doth his idle meſſage ſet at nought;
Therefore, O Love! unleſs ſhe turn to thee
E'er cuckow end, let her a rebel be.

SONNET XX.

IN vain I ſeek and ſue to her for grace,
And do mine humble heart before her pour,
The whiles her foot ſhe in my neck doth place,
And tread my life down in the lowly flour:
And yet the lion, that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beaſt in field,
In his moſt pride diſdeigneth to devour
The ſilly lamb that to his might doth yield:
But ſhe, more cruel and more ſalvage wild
Than either lion or the lioneſs,
Shames not to be with guiltleſs blood defil'd,
But taketh glory in her cruelneſs.
Fairer than faireſt, let none ever ſay
That ye were blooded in a yielded prey.

SONNET XXI.

Was it the work of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred to the features of her face,
That pride and meeknefs, mixt by equal part,
Do both appear t' adorn her beauty's grace?
For with mild pleafance, which doth pride difplace,
She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure,
And with ftern count'nance back again doth chace
Their loofer looks, that ftir up lufts impure.
With fuch ftrange trains her eyes fhe doth inure,
That with one look fhe doth my life difmay,
And with another doth it ftraight recure:
Her fmile me draws, her frown me drives away.
Thus doth fhe train and teach me with her looks;
Such art of eyes I never read in books.

SONNET XXII.

This holy feafon, fit to faft and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclin'd,
Therefore I likewife on fo holy day,
For my fweet faint fome fervice fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,
In which her glorious image placed is,
On which my thoughts do day and night attend,
Like facred priefts, that never think amifs;
There I to her, as th' author of my blifs,
Will build an altar to appeafe her ire,
And on the fame my heart will facrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chafte defire;
The which vouchfafe, O Goddefs! to accept,
Amongft thy deareft relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Ulyſſes' ſake,
Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceive,
In which the work that ſhe all day did make,
The ſame at night ſhe did again unreave:
Such ſubtil craft my damſel doth conceive,
Th' importunate ſute of my deſire to ſhun,
For all that I in many days do weave,
In one ſhort hour I find by her undun.
So when I think to end that I begun,
I muſt begin and never bring to end;
Forth with one look ſhe ſpills that long I ſpun,
And with one word my whole year's work doth rend.
Such labour like the ſpider's web I find,
Whoſe fruitleſs work is broken with leaſt wind.

SONNET XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauty's wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of Nature's ſkill the only complement,
I honour and admire the Maker's art;
But when I feel the bitter baleful ſmart
Which her fair eyes unwares do work in me,
That death out of their ſhiny beams do dart,
I think that I a new Pandora ſee,
Whom all the gods in counſel did agree
Into this ſinful world from heaven to ſend,
That ſhe to wicked men a ſcourge ſhould be
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But ſince ye are my ſcourge, I will intreat
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long ſhall this like dying life endure,
And know no end of its own miſery,
But waſte and wear away in terms unſure,
'Twixt fear and hope depending doubtfully?
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And ſhew the laſt enſample of your pride,
Than to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your pow'r, which I too well have tride.
But yet if in your harden'd breaſt ye hide
A cloſe intent at laſt to ſhew me grace,
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As means of bliſs I gladly will embrace,
And wiſh that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at laſt may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI.

Sweet is the roſe, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but ſharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypreſs, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet ſour enough;
And ſweet is moly, but his root is ill:
So every ſweet with ſour is tempred ſtill,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For eaſy things, that may be got at will,
Moſt ſorts of men do ſet but little ſtore.
Why then ſhould I account of little pain,
That endleſs pleaſure ſhall unto me gain?

SONNET XXVII.

FAIR Proud! now tell me why ſhould fair be proud,
Sith all world's glory is but droſs unclean?
And in the ſhade of death it ſelf ſhould ſhroud,
How-ever now thereof ye little ween.
That goodly idol, now ſo gay beſeen,
Shall doff her fleſhes borrow'd fair attire,
And be forgot as it had never been,
That many now much worſhip and admire:
Ne any then ſhall after it inquire,
Ne any mention ſhall thereof remain,
But what this verſe, that never ſhall expire,
Shall to you purchaſe with her thankleſs pain.
Fair! be no longer proud of that ſhall periſh,
But that which ſhall you make immortal cheriſh.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE laurel leaf, which you this day do wear,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mind,
For ſince it is the badge which I do bear,
Ye bearing it do ſeem to me inclin'd:
The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
Let it likewiſe your gentle breaſt inſpire
With ſweet infuſion, and put you in mind
Of that proud maid whom now thoſe leaves attire.
Proud Daphne, ſcorning Phœbus' lovely fire,
On the Theſſalian ſhore from him did flie,
For which the gods, in their revengeful ire,
Did her transform into a laurel-tree.
Then fly no more, fair Love! from Phœbus' chace,
But in your breaſt his leaf and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEE how the ſtubborn damſel doth deprave
My ſimple meaning with diſdainful ſcorn,
And by the bay which I unto her gave,
Accounts my ſelf her captive quite forlorn.
The bay, quoth ſhe, is of the victor born,
Yielded them by the vanquiſht as their meeds,
And they therewith do poets' heads adorn,
To ſing the glory of their famous deeds;
But ſith ſhe will the conqueſt challenge needs,
Let her accept me as her faithful thrall,
That her great triumph, which my ſkill exceeds,
I may in trump of Fame blaze over all;
Then would I deck her head with glorious bays,
And fill the world with her victorious praiſe.

SONNET XXX.

MY love is like to ice, and I to fire;
How comes it, then, that this her cold ſo great
Is not diſſolv'd through my ſo hot deſire,
But harder grows the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delaid by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling ſweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, ſhould harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with ſenſleſs cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the courſe of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH! why hath Nature to ſo hard a heart
Given ſo goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
Whoſe pride depraves each other better part,
And all thoſe precious ornaments deface?
Sith to all other beaſts of bloody race
A dreadful countenance ſhe given hath,
That with their terrour all the reſt may chace,
And warn to ſhun the danger of their wrath:
But my proud one doth work the greater ſcath
Through ſweet allurement of her lovely hue,
That ſhe the better may in bloody bath
Of ſuch poor thrall her cruel hands embrew,
But did ſhe know how ill theſe two accord,
Such cruelty ſhe would have ſoon abhor'd.

SONNET XXXII.

THE painful ſmith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardeſt iron ſoon doth mollifie,
That with his heavy ſledge he can it beat,
And faſhion to what he it liſt apply;
Yet cannot all theſe flames in which I fry
Her heart, more hard than iron, ſoft awhit,
Ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
Do beat on th'anvile of her ſtubborn wit;
But ſtill the more ſhe fervent ſees my fit,
The more ſhe friezeth in her wilful pride,
And harder grows the harder ſhe is ſmit,
With all the plaints which to her be applide:
What then remains but I to aſhes burn,
And ſhe to ſtones at length all frozen turn?

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I do, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred empress, my dear dread,
Not finishing her Queen of Faery,
That mote enlarge her living praises dead.
But, Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;
Do ye not think th' accomplishment of it
Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
All were it as the rest, but rudely writ?
How then should I, without another wit,
Think ever to endure so tedious toil?
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love that doth my spirit spoil.
Cease then till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,
Or lend you me another living breast.

SONNET XXXIV.

LIKE as a ship that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
When as a storm hath dim'd her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is over-cast,
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plac'd;
Yet hope I will that when this storm is past
My Helice, the loadstar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last
With lovely light, to clear my cloudy grief:
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

SONNET XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetise
Still to behold the object of their pain,
With no contentment can themselves suffice,
But having pine, and having not complain:
For lacking it they cannot life sustain;
And having it they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement like Narcissus vain,
Whose eyes him starv'd; so plenty makes me poor.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that fair sight, that nothing else they brook,
But loath the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to look.
All this world's glory seemeth vain to me,
And all their shows but shadows, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

Tell me, when shall these weary woes have end?
Or shall their ruthless torment never cease?
But all my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of asswagement or release.
Is there no means for me to purchase peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes?
But that their cruelty doth still increase,
And daily more augment my miseries.
But when ye have shew'd all extremities,
Then think how little glory ye have gain'd
By slaying him, whose life though ye despise,
Mote have your life in honour long maintain'd;
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

What guile is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold,
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare,
And being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine Eyes! how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

Arion, when through tempest's cruel wrack
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,
Through the sweet musick which his harp did make,
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease;
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty ears, cannot with any skill
The dreadful tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will,
But in her pride she doth persevere still,
All careless how my life for her decays,
Yet with one word she can it save or spill;
To spill were pity, but to save were praise.
Chuse rather to be prais'd for doing good,
Than to be blam'd for spilling guiltless blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

Sweet Smile, the daughter of the Queen of Love,
Expressing all thy mother's powerful art,
With which she wonts to temper angry Jove,
When all the gods he threats with thundring dart,
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy self sweet art;
For when on me thou shinedst late in sadness,
A melting pleasance ran through every part,
And me revived with heart-robbing gladness.
Whilst rapt with joy resembling heavenly madness,
My soul was ravisht quite as in a trance,
And feeling thence no more her sorrow's sadness,
Fed on the fulness of that chearful glance;
More sweet than nectar or ambrosial meat
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

Mark when she smiles with amiable chear,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it,
When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces, as in shade to sit:
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's-day,
That when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray,
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Come forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head:
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is chear'd
With that sun-shine, when cloudy looks are clear'd.

SONNET XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be ſo cruel to an humbled foe?
If nature, then ſhe may it mend with ſkill;
If will, then ſhe at will may will forgoe;
But if her nature and her will be ſo,
That ſhe will plague the man that loves her moſt,
And take delight t'encreaſe a wretch's woe,
Then all her nature's goodly gifts are loſt,
And that ſame glorious beauty's idle boaſt
Is but a bait ſuch wretches to beguile,
As being long in her love's tempeſt toſt,
She means at laſt to make her piteous ſpoil.
O faireſt Fair! let never it be nam'd,
That ſo fair beauty was ſo foully ſham'd!

SONNET XLII.

The love which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,
So pleaſing is in my extreameſt pain,
That all the more my ſorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and do embrace my bane;
Ne do I wiſh (for wiſhing were but vain)
To be acquit fro my continual ſmart,
But joy her thrall for ever to remain,
And yield for pledge my poor captived heart,
The which, that it from her may never ſtart,
Let her, if pleaſe her, bind with adamant chain,
And from all wandring loves which mote pervart,
In ſafe aſſurance ſtrongly it reſtrain;
Only let her abſtain from cruelty,
And do me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

Shall I then ſilent be, or ſhall I ſpeak?
And if I ſpeak, her wrath renew I ſhall;
And if I ſilent be my heart will break,
Or choaked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this my heart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud reſtraint to tie,
That neither I may ſpeak nor think at all,
But like a ſtupid ſtock in ſilence die?
Yet I my heart with ſilence ſecretly
Will teach to ſpeak, and my juſt cauſe to plead,
And eke mine eyes with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read,
Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can [ſpell,
Will ſoon conceive, and learn to conſtrue well.

SONNET XLIV.

When thoſe renowned noble peers of Greece,
Through ſtubborn pride among themſelves did jar,
Forgetful of the famous Golden Fleece,
Then Orpheus with his harp their ſtrife did bar:
But this continual, cruel, civil war,
The which my ſelf againſt my ſelf do make,
Whilſt my weak powers of paſſions warreid are,
No ſkill can ſtint, nor reaſon can aſlake:
But when in hand my tuneleſs harp I take,
Then do I more augment my foes deſpight,
And grief renew, and paſſions do awake
To battail, freſh againſt my ſelf to fight;
'Mongſt whom the more I ſeek to ſettle peace,
The more I find their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

Leave, Lady! in your glaſs of cryſtal clean
Your goodly ſelf for evermore to view,
And in my ſelf, my inward ſelf I mean,
Moſt lively like behold your ſemblant true.
Within my heart, though hardly it can ſhew
Thing ſo divine to view of earthly eye,
The fair idea of your celeſtial hue,
And every part, remains immortally;
And were it not that through your cruelty,
With ſorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly image of your viſnomy,
Clearer than cryſtal would therein appear;
But if your ſelf in me ye plain will ſee,
Remove the cauſe by which your fair beams darkned [be.

SONNET XLVI.

When my abode's prefixed time is ſpent,
My cruel fair ſtraight bids me wend away;
But then from heaven moſt hideous ſtorms are ſent,
As willing me againſt her will to ſtay.
Whom then ſhall I, or heaven or her, obey?
The heavens know beſt what is the beſt for me;
But as ſhe will, whoſe will my life doth ſway,
My lower heaven, ſo it perforce muſt be:
But ye, high Heavens, that all this ſorrow ſee,
Sith all your tempeſts cannot me hold back,
Aſſwage your ſtorms, or elſe both you and ſhe
Will both together me too ſorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to ſuſtain
The ſtorms which ſhe alone on me doth rain.

SONNET XLVII.

Trust not the treafon of thofe fmiling looks,
Until ye have their guileful trains well tride,
For they are like but unto golden hooks,
That from the foolifh fifh their baits do hide;
So fhe with flattering fmiles weak hearts doth guide
Unto her love, and tempt to their decay,
Whom being caught, fhe kills with cruel pride,
And feeds at pleafure on the wretched prey;
Yet even whilft her bloody hands them flay,
Her eyes look lovely, and upon them fmile,
That they take pleafure in their cruel play,
And dying, do themfelves of pain beguile.
O mighty charm which makes men love their bane,
And think they die with pleafure, live with pain!

SONNET XLVIII.

Innocent Paper! whom too cruel hand
Did make the matter to avenge her ire,
And ere fhe could thy caufe well underftand,
Did facrifice unto the greedy fire;
Well worthy thou to have found better hire
Than fo bad end, for hereticks ordain'd;
Yet herefie nor treafon didft confpire,
But plead thy mafter's caufe, unjuftly pain'd;
Whom fhe, all carelefs of his grief, conftrain'd
To utter forth the anguifh of his heart,
And would not hear, when he to her complain'd
The piteous paffion of his dying fmart:
Yet live for ever, though againft her will,
And fpeak her good, though fhe requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

Fair Cruel! why are ye ſo fierce and cruel?
Is it becauſe your eyes have power to kill?
Then know that mercy is the mighty's jewel,
And greater glory think to ſave than ſpill.
But if it be your pleaſure and proud will
To ſhew the power of your imperious eyes,
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force againſt your enemies:
Let them feel th' utmoſt of your cruelties,
And kill with looks, as cockatrices do;
But him that at your footſtool humbled lies
With merciful regard, give mercy to:
Such mercy ſhall you make admir'd to be;
So ſhall you live by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

Long languiſhing in double malady
Of my heart's wound and of my body's grief,
There came to me a leach that would apply
Fit med'cines for my body's beſt relief:
Vain Man! quoth I, that haſt but little prief
In deep diſcovery of the mind's diſeaſe,
Is not the heart of all the body chief,
And rules the members as it ſelf doth pleaſe?
Then with ſome cordials ſeek for to appeaſe
The inward languour of my wounded heart,
And then my body ſhall have ſhortly eaſe:
But ſuch ſweet cordials paſs phyſicians art.
Then my life's leach, do you your ſkill reveal,
And with one ſalve both heart and body heal.

SONNET LI.

Do I not see the fairest images
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let their famous moniments to fade?
Why then do I, untrain'd in lover's trade,
Her hardness blame, which I should more commend?
Sith never ought was excellent assaid,
Which was not hard t'atchive and bring to end;
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend
Mote soften it, and to his will allure;
So do I hope her stubborn heart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure:
Only my pains will be the more to get her,
But having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go like one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy heart,
Dispoil'd of warlike arms and knowen shield:
So do I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorrow and to solitary pain,
From presence of my dearest dear exil'd,
Long-while alone in languour to remain.
Then let no thought of joy, or pleasure vain,
Dare to approach, that may my solace breed,
But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdain
Of all world's gladness more my torment feed:
So I her absence will my penance make,
That of her presence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

The panther, knowing that his ſpotted hide
Doth pleaſe all beaſts, but that his looks them fray,
Within a buſh his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whilſt he on them may prey:
Right ſo my cruel fair with me doth play,
For with the goodly ſemblance of her hue
She doth allure me to mine own decay,
And then no mercy will unto me ſhew.
Great ſhame it is thing ſo divine in view,
Made for to be the world's moſt ornament,
To make the bait her gazers to embrew;
Good ſhames to be to ill an inſtrument;
But mercy doth with beauty beſt agree,
As in their Maker ye them beſt may ſee.

SONNET LIV.

Of this world's theater in which we ſtay,
My love, like the ſpectator, idle ſits,
Beholding me that all the pageants play,
Diſguiſing diverſly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy, when glad occaſion fits,
And maſk in mirth like to a comedy;
Soon after, when my joy to ſorrow flits,
I wail, and make my woes a tragedy:
Yet ſhe beholding me with conſtant eye,
Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my ſmart;
But when I laugh ſhe mocks; and when I cry
She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart:
What then can move her? if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a ſenſleſs ſtone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty do behold,
And there-with do her cruelty compare,
I marvail of what ſubſtance was the mould
The which her made attonce ſo cruel fair.
Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly are;
Not water, for her love doth burn like fire;
Not air, for ſhe is not ſo light or rare;
Not fire, for ſhe doth freeze with faint deſire:
Then needs another element inquire
Whereof ſhe mote be made, that is the ſky;
For to the heaven her haughty looks aſpire,
And eke her love is pure immortal hy.
Then ſith to heaven ye likened are the beſt,
Be like in mercy as in all the reſt.

SONNET LVI.

Fair ye be ſure, but cruel and unkind,
As is a tyger, that with greedineſs
Hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
A feeble beaſt, doth felly him oppreſs.
Fair be ye ſure, but proud and pitileſs
As is a ſtorm, that all things doth proſtrate,
Finding a tree alone all comfortleſs,
Beats on it ſtrongly, it to ruinate.
Fair be ye ſure, but hard and obſtinate,
As is a rock amidſt the raging floods,
'Gainſt which a ſhip, of ſuccour deſolate,
Doth ſuffer wreck both of her ſelf and goods.
That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt, am I,
Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and deſtroy.

SONNET LVII.

Sweet Warriour! when ſhall I have peace with you?
High time it is this war now ended were,
Which I no longer can endure to ſue,
Ne your inceſſant battry more to bear:
So weak my powers, ſo ſore my wounds appear,
That wonder is how I ſhould live a jot,
Seeing my heart through-launced every where
With thouſand arrows which your eyes have ſhot:
Yet ſhoot ye ſharply ſtill, and ſpare me not,
But glory think to make theſe cruel ſtoures.
Ye cruel One! what glory can be got
In ſlaying him that would live gladly your's?
Make peace, therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heal in little ſpace.

SONNET LVIII.

To her that is moſt aſſured to her ſelf.

Weak is th' aſſurance that weak fleſh repoſeth
In her own powre, and ſcorneth others' aid;
That sooneſt falls, when as ſhe moſt ſuppoſeth
Her ſelf aſſur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All fleſh is frail, and all her ſtrength unſtaid,
Like a vain bubble blowen up with air;
Devouring Time and changeful Chance have prey'd
Her glorious pride, that none may it repair.
Ne none ſo rich or wiſe, ſo ſtrong or fair,
But faileth, truſting on his own aſſurance;
And he that ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtair
Falls loweſt; for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye, proud Fair! miſdeem ſo farr,
That to your ſelf ye moſt aſſured are?

SONNET LIX.

Thrice happy ſhe that is ſo well aſſur'd
Unto her ſelf, and ſettled ſo in heart,
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Ne fears to worſe with any chance to ſtart,
But like a ſteddy ſhip, doth ſtrongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her courſe aright;
Ne ought for tempeſt doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fairer weather's falſe delight.
Such ſelf aſſurance need not fear the ſpight
Of grudging foes, ne favour ſeek of friends;
But in the ſtay of her own ſtedfaſt might,
Neither to one her ſelf nor other bends.
Moſt happy ſhe that moſt aſſur'd doth reſt,
But he moſt happy who ſuch one loves beſt.

SONNET LX.

They that in courſe of heavenly ſphears are ſkill'd,
To every planet point his ſundry year,
In which her circles' voyage is fulfill'd,
As Mars in threeſcore years doth run his ſphear.
So ſince the winged god his planet clear
Began in me to move, one year is ſpent,
The which doth longer unto me appear
Than all thoſe forty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers' books invent,
The ſphear of Cupid forty years contains,
Which I have waſted in long languiſhment,
That ſeem'd the longer for my greater pains:
But let my love's fair planet ſhort her ways
This year enſuing, or elſe ſhort my days.

SONNET LXI.

The glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
My ſoveraign Saint! the idol of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of duty,
T' accuſe of pride, or raſhly blame for ought;
For being as ſhe is divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heav'nly born,
And with the crew of bleſſed ſaints upbrought,
Each of which did her with her gifts adorn,
The bud of joy, the bloſſom of the morn,
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire,
What reaſon is it then but ſhe ſhould ſcorn
Baſe things, that to her love too bold aſpire?
Such heav'nly forms ought rather worſhipt be,
Than dare be lov'd by men of mean degree.

SONNET LXII.

The weary Year his race now having run,
The new begins his compaſt courſe anew;
With ſhew of morning mild he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to enſew.
So let us, which this change of weather view,
Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
The old year's ſins forepaſt let us eſchew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend:
Then ſhall the new-year's joy forth freſhly ſend
Into the glooming world his gladſom ray,
And all theſe ſtorms which now his beauty blend,
Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
So likewiſe, Love! chear you your heavy ſpright,
And change old year's annoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

After long ſtorms and tempeſts ſad aſſay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death and dangerous diſmay,
With which my ſilly bark was toſſed ſore,
I do at length deſcry the happy ſhore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive;
Fair ſoil it ſeems from far, and fraught with ſtore
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Moſt happy he that can at laſt atchive
The joyous ſafety of ſo ſweet a reſt,
Whoſe leaſt delight ſufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him oppreſt.
All pains are nothing in reſpect of this,
All ſorrows ſhort that gain eternal bliſs.

SONNET LXIV.

Coming to kiſs her lips (ſuch grace I found)
Me ſeem'd I ſmelt a garden of ſweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to deck their lovers' bowres.
Her lips did ſmell like unto gilliflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roſes red,
Her ſnowy brows like budded bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly ſpred,
Her goodly boſom like a ſtrawberry bed,
Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,
Her breſt like lillies ere their leaves be ſhed,
Her nipples like young bloſſom'd jeſſemines:
Such fragrant flowres do give moſt odorous ſmell,
But her ſweet odour did them all excel.

SONNET LXV.

The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love! is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
When losing one two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true Love doth tye,
Without constraint or dread of any ill;
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound,
But simple truth and mutual good-will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound;
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

To all those happy blessings which ye have
With plenteous hand by Heaven upon you thrown,
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so mean a one:
Ye whose high words, surpassing paragon,
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoop unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate
Than had ye sorted with a prince's peer;
For now your light doth more it self dilate,
And in my darkness greater doth appear:
Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex your's shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

Like as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escape away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their prey;
So after long pursuite and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsook,
The gentle deer return'd the self-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook;
There she beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own good-will her firmly tide:
Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild
So goodly wone, with her own will beguil'd.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin;
And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord! with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddest dy,
Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
May live for ever in felicity;
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again;
And for thy sake, that all-like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain:
So let us love, dear Love! like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriours of the antique world
Us'd trophees to erect in ſtately wiſe,
In which they would the records have enroll'd
Of their great deeds and valorous empriſe.
What trophee, then, ſhall I moſt fit deviſe,
In which I may record the memory
Of my love's conqueſt, peerleſs beauty's priſe,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chaſtity?
Even this verſe, vow'd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal moniment,
And tells her praiſe to all poſterity,
That may admire ſuch world's rare wonderment,
The happy purchaſe of my glorious ſpoil,
Gotten at laſt with labour and long toil.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
In whoſe coat-armour richly are diſplaid
All ſorts of flowres the which on earth do ſpring,
In goodly colours gloriouſly array'd,
Go to my love, where ſhe is careleſs laid,
Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake,
Tell her the joyous Time will not be ſtaid,
Unleſs ſhe do him by the fore-lock take:
Bid her, therefore, her ſelf ſoon ready make
To wait on Love amongſt his lovely crew,
Where every one that miſſeth then her make
Shall be by him amearſt with penance dew.
Make haſte, therefore, ſweet Love! whilſt it is prime,
For none can call again the paſſed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I JOY to see how in your drawen work
Your self unto the bee ye do compare,
And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
In close await to catch her unaware:
Right so your self were caught in cunning snare
Of a dear foe, and thralled to his love,
In whose straight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove:
But as your work is woven all about
With woodbind flowers and fragrant eglantine,
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many dear delights bedecked fine,
And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
Between the spider and the gentle bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFT when my spirit doth spred her bolder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
And clogg'd with burden of mortality,
Where when that soveraign beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back doth fly,
And unto heavens forgets her former flight.
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease,
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her heart's desire with most contentment please.
Heart need not wish none other happiness,
But here on earth to have such heaven's bliss.

SONNET LXXIII.

Being my self captiv'd here in care,
My heart, whom none with servile bands can tye,
But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly;
Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight;
Even so my heart, that wont on your fair eye
To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
Gently engage, that he may be your thrall;
Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
To sing your name and praises over all,
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

Most happy letters fram'd by skilful trade,
With which that happy name was first design'd,
The which three times thrice happy hath me made
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mother's womb deriv'd by due descent;
The second is my soveraign queen most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent;
The third my love, my life's last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rais'd;
To speak her praise and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prais'd.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

One day I wrote her name upon the ſtrand,
But came the waves and waſhed it away;
Again I wrote it with a ſecond hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
Vain Man! ſaid ſhe, that dooſt in vain aſſay
A mortal thing ſo to immortalize,
For I my ſelf ſhall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewiſe.
Not ſo, quoth I, let baſer things deviſe,
To die in duſt, but you ſhall live by ſame;
My verſe your vertues rare ſhall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,
Where, whenas Death ſhall all the world ſubdew,
Our love ſhall live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

Fair boſom fraught with vertue's richeſt treaſure,
The neſt of Love, the lodging of Delight,
The bowre of Bliſs, the paradiſe of Pleaſure,
The ſacred harbour of that heavenly ſpright,
How was I raviſh'd with your lovely ſight,
And my frail thoughts too raſhly led aſtray,
Whiles diving deep through amorous inſight,
On the ſweet ſpoil of beauty they did prey?
And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
Whoſe harveſt ſeem'd to haſten now apace,
They looſely did their wanton wings diſplay,
And there to reſt themſelves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts, I envy your ſo happy reſt,
Which oft I wiſh'd, yet never was ſo bleſt.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAS it a dream, or did I see it plain?
A goodly table of pure ivory
All spred with juncats, fit to entertain
The greatest prince with pompous royalty,
'Mongst which there in a silver dish did lie
Two golden apples of unvalu'd price,
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful vice,
That many sought, yet none could ever taste,
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise
By Love himself, and in his garden plac'd.
Her brest that table was so richly spred,
My thoughts the guests, which could thereon have [fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LACKING my love, I go from place to place,
Like a young fawn that late hath lost the hind,
And seek each where where last I saw her face,
Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
I seek the fields, with her late footing sign'd,
I seek her bowre, with her late presence deck't;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find,
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect;
But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
They idly back return to me again;
And when I hope to see their true object,
I find my self but fed with fancies vain.
Cease then, mine Eyes! to seek her self to see,
And let my thoughts behold her self in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that your ſelf ye daily ſuch do ſee,
But the true fair, that is, the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more prais'd of me:
For all the reſt, how ever fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and loſe that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth fleſh enſew:
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly ſeed,
Deriv'd from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at firſt proceed:
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair like flowres untimely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

AFTER ſo long a race as I have run
Through Fairy-Land, which thoſe Six Books compile,
Give leave to reſt me, being half foredun,
And gather to my ſelf new breath awhile:
Then as a ſteed refreſhed after toil,
Out of my priſon I will break anew,
And ſtoutly will that ſecond work aſſoil,
With ſtrong endeavour and attention due.
Till then give leave to me in pleaſant mew
To ſport my Muſe, and ſing my love's ſweet praiſe,
The contemplation of whoſe heavenly hue
My ſpirit to an higher pitch will raiſe:
But let her praiſes yet be low and mean,
Fit for the hand-maid of the Fairy Queen.

SONNET LXXXI.

Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs
With the looſe wind ye waving chance to mark,
Fair when the roſe in her red cheek appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love doth ſpark;
Fair when her breſt, like a rich laden bark
With precious merchandize, ſhe forth doth lay;
Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with ſmiles ſhe drives away;
But faireſt ſhe when ſo ſhe doth diſplay
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words ſo wiſe do make their way,
To bear the meſſage of her gentle ſpright:
The reſt be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of hearts' aſtoniſhment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life, full oft for loving you
I bliſs my lot, that was ſo lucky plac'd;
But then the more your own miſhap I rue,
That are ſo much by ſo mean love embas'd;
For had the equal heavens ſo much you grac'd
In this as in the reſt, ye mote invent
Some heavenly wit, whoſe verſe could have enchac'd
Your glorious name in golden moniment:
But ſince ye deign'd ſo goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
That little that I am ſhall all be ſpent
In ſetting your immortal praiſes forth,
Whoſe lofty argument up-lifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Let not one ſpark of filthy luſtful fire
Break out, that may her ſacred peace moleſt,
Ne one light glance of ſenſual deſire
Attempt to work her gentle mind's unreſt;
But pure affections, bred in ſpotleſs breſt,
And modeſt thoughts breath'd from well-temper'd
Go viſit her in her chaſte bowre of reſt, [ſprights,
Accompany'd with angel-like delights;
There fill your ſelf with thoſe moſt joyous ſights,
The which my ſelf could never yet attain,
But ſpeak no word to her of theſe ſad plights,
Which her too conſtant ſtiffneſs doth conſtrain;
Only behold her rare perfection,
And bleſs your fortune's fair election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

The world, that cannot deem of worldly things,
When I do praiſe her, ſay I do but flatter;
So doth the cuckow when the mavis ſings,
Begin his witleſs note apace to chatter.
But they that ſkill not of ſo heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admire;
Rather than envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deem of her deſert aſpire.
Deep in the cloſet of my parts entire
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inſpire,
And my glad mouth with her ſweet praiſes fil,
Which whenas Fame in her ſhrill trump ſhall thunder,
Let the world chuſe to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adder's ſting,
Of that ſelf kind with which the Furies fell
Their ſnaky heads do comb, from which a ſpring
Of poiſoned words and ſpightful ſpeeches well,
Let all the plagues and horrid pains of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accurſed hire,
That with falſe forged lyes, which thou didſt tell,
In my true love did ſtir up coals of ire,
The ſparks whereof let kindle thine own fire,
And catching hold on thine own wicked head,
Conſume thee quite, that didſt with guile conſpire
In my ſweet peace ſuch breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy meed, and miſchief thy reward,
Due to thy ſelf, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the preſence of my love,
Many long weary days I have out-worn,
And many nights, that ſlowly ſeem'd to move
Their ſad protract from evening until morn:
For when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wiſh that night the noyous day would end;
And whenas night hath us of light forlorn,
I wiſh that day would ſhortly re-aſcend.
Thus I the time with expectation ſpend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further ſeems his term ſtill to extend,
And maketh every minute ſeem a mile:
So ſorrow ſtill doth ſeem too long to laſt,
But joyous hours do fly away too faſt.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts aſtray,
I wander as in darkneſs of the night,
Affraid of every danger's leaſt diſmay:
Ne ought I ſee, though in the cleareſt day,
When others gaze upon their ſhadows vain,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof ſome glance doth in mine eye remain;
Of which beholding the idea plain,
Through contemplation of my pureſt part,
With light thereof I do my ſelf ſuſtain,
And thereon feed my love-affamiſht heart;
But with ſuch brightneſs whilſt I fill my mind,
I ſtarve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the abſence of her mate,
And in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhful vow
For his return, that ſeems to linger late;
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
Mourn to my ſelf the abſence of my love,
And wandering here and there all deſolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove;
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous ſight,
Whoſe ſweet aſpect both God and man can move,
In her unſpotted pleaſance to delight:
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miſs,
And dead my life, that wants ſuch lively bliſs.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGY

Upon the death of the noble and vertuous

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

Daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthur Gorges, Esquire.

To the right honourable and vertuous lady,

HELENA

MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poem, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written was, by match, near allied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladyship. The occasion why I wrote the same was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good-will which I bear unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladyship by marriage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquity in this realm, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyalty to their prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne

Howard, eldeſt daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges Knights: and therefore I do aſſure my ſelf that no due honour done to the White Lion, but will be moſt grateful to your Ladyſhip, whoſe huſband and children do ſo nearly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all duty I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection.

Your Honour's humbly ever,

London, this firſt of January, 1591.

ED. SPENSER.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHAT-EVER man he be whoſe heavy mind,
With grief of mournful great miſhap oppreſt,
Fit matter for his cares increaſe would find,
Let read the ruful plaint herein expreſt,
Of one, I ween, the woful'ſt man alive,
Even ſad Alcyon, whoſe empierced breſt
Sharp ſorrow did in thouſand pieces rive.

But whoſo elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſh'd far away from hence;
Ne let the Sacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrow heavily can ſing,
For even their heavy ſong would breed delight;
But here no tunes ſave ſobs and grones ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them and their ſweet harmony,
Let thoſe three Fatal Siſters, whoſe ſad hands
Do weave the direful threds of Deſtiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadful queen
Of Darkneſs deep come from the Stygian ſtrands,
And griſly ghoſts, to hear this doleful teen.

In gloomy evening, when the weary ſun,
After his day's long labour, drew to reſt,
And ſweaty ſteeds now having over-run
The compaſt ſky, 'gan water in the weſt,
I walk'd abroad to breathe the freſhing air
In open fields, whoſe flow'ring pride, oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beauty fair.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit poſſeſs,
Ne lets it reſt until it forth have brought
Her long-born infant, fruit of heavineſs,
Which ſhe conceived hath through meditation
Of this world's vainneſs and life's wretchedneſs,
That yet my ſoul it deeply doth empaſſion.

So as I muſed on the miſery
In which men live, and I of many moſt,
Moſt miſerable man, I did eſpy
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſt,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Jacob's ſtaff in hand devoutly croſt,
Like to ſome pilgrim come from far away.

His carelefs locks, uncombed and unfhorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all over-grown,
That well he feem'd to be fome wight forlorn:
Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He fighed oft, and inly deep did grone,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the femblant of his countenaunce
Me feem'd I had his perfon feen elfewhere,
Moft like Alcyon feeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the jolly fhepherd fwain,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleafance every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, becaufe of his difguife,
I foftly faid, Alcyon! There-withall
He look'd afide as in difdainful wife,
Yet ftayed not, till I again did call:
Then turning back, he faid, with hollow found,
Who is it that doth name me, woful thrall,
The wretchedft man that treads this day on ground?

One whom like wofulnefs impreffed deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched cafe to hear,
And given like caufe with thee to wail and weep;
Grief finds fome eafe by him that like does bear.
Then ftay, Alcyon, gentle Shepherd! ftay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trufty ear
Committed what thee doth fo ill apay.

Ceaſe, fooliſh Man! (ſaid he, half wrothfully)
To ſeek to hear that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguiſh which doth multiply
My dying pains, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne do I care that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap, or any weep that would,
But ſeek alone to weep and die alone.

Then be it ſo, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cauſe which thee thereto conſtrained,
Leſt that the world thee dead accuſe of guilt,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt.

Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the ſtrong ſhackles of frail fleſh, quoth he,
Nought cares at all what they that live on ground
Deem the occaſion of his death to be;
Rather deſires to be forgotten quight,
Than queſtion made of his calamity,
For heart's deep ſorrow hates both life and light.

Yet ſith ſo much thou ſeem'ſt to rue my grief,
And car'ſt for one that for himſelf cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my relief,
For my relief exceedeth living thought)
I will to thee this heavy caſe relate:
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didſt thou hear more hapleſs fate.

"Whilome I us'd (as thou right well dooſt know)
My little flock on weſtern downs to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrina's ſtream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with ſilver liquor ſteep:
Nought car'd I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my joy was on my gentle ſheep,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearleſs and free, a fair young lioneſs,
White as the native roſe before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impreſs,
I ſpyed playing on the graſſie plain
Her youthful ſports and kindly wantonneſs,
That did all other beaſts in beauty ſtain.

Much was I moved at ſo goodly ſight,
Whoſe like before mine eye had ſeldom ſeen,
And gan to caſt how I her compaſs might,
And bring to hand that yet had never been:
So well I wrought with mildneſs and with pain,
That I her caught diſporting on the green,
And brought away faſt bound with ſilver chain.

And afterwards I handled her ſo fair,
That though by kind ſhe ſtout and ſalvage were,
For being born an ancient lion's heir,
And of the race that all wild beaſts do fear,
Yet I her fram'd, and won ſo to my bent,
That ſhe became ſo meek and mild of chear,
As the leaſt lamb in all my flock that went:

For ſhe in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did ſpend,
If cauſe requir'd, or elſe in ſleep, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or ſleep;
And evermore when I did ſleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

Safe then, and ſafeſt were my ſilly ſheep,
Ne fear'd the wolf, ne fear'd the wildeſt beaſt,
All were I drown'd in careleſs quiet deep:
My lovely lioneſs without beheaſt
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither moſt nor leaſt
I found miſcarried or in plain or wood.

Oft did the ſhepherds, which my hap did hear,
And oft their laſſes, which my luck envide,
Daily reſort to me from far and near,
To ſee my lioneſs, whoſe praiſes wide
Were ſpred abroad; and when her worthineſs
Much greater than the rude report they try'd,
They her did praiſe, and my good fortune bleſs.

Long thus I joyed in my happineſs,
And well did hope my joy would have no end,
But oh! fond Man! that in world's fickleneſs
Repoſedſt hope, or weenedſt her thy friend
That glories moſt in mortal miſeries,
And daily doth her changeful counſels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

For whilſt I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruel Satyre with his murdrous dart,
Greedy of miſchief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly ſmart,
And reft from me my ſweet companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my heart:
My lioneſs (ah, woe is me!) is gone!

Out of the world thus was ſhe reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy ſuch a ſpoil,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
Much fitter than the Lion which with toil
Alcides ſlew, and fix'd in firmament;
Her now I ſeek throughout this earthly ſoil,
And ſeeking miſs, and miſſing do lament."

Therewith he 'gan afreſh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy plight
Could not abſtain mine eyes with tears to ſteep;
But when I ſaw the anguiſh of his ſpright
Some deal allay'd, I him beſpake again;
Certes, Alcyon, painful is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almoſt equal pain.

Yet doth not my dull wit well underſtand
That riddle of thy loved lioneſs,
For rare it ſeems in reaſon to be ſcann'd,
That man, who doth the whole world's rule poſſeſs,
Should to a beaſt his noble heart embaſe,
And be the vaſſal of his vaſſaleſs;
Therefore more plain aread this doubtful caſe.

Then ſighing ſore, "Daphne thou knew'ſt, quoth he,
She now is dead;" ne more endur'd to ſay,
But fell to ground for great extremity;
That I beholding it, with deep diſmay
Was much appall'd, and lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my ſelf, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then 'gan I him to comfort all my beſt,
And with mild counſail ſtrove to mitigate
The ſtormy paſſion of his troubled breſt,
But he thereby was more empaſſionate;
As ſtubborn ſteed, that is with curb reſtrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate,
And breaking forth at laſt, thus dearnly plained:

I.

"What man henceforth that breatheth vital air
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore?
Which ſo unjuſtly do their judgments ſhare
'Mongſt earthly wights, as to afflict ſo ſore
The innocent, as thoſe which do tranſgreſs,
And do not ſpare the beſt or faireſt, more
Than worſt or fouleſt, but do both oppreſs.

If this be right, why did they then create
The world ſo fair, ſith fairneſs is neglected?
Or why be they themſelves immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them reſpected?
She fair, ſhe pure, moſt fair, moſt pure ſhe was,
Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
Yet ſhe in pureneſs heaven it ſelf did paſs.

In pureneſs and in all celeſtial grace
That men admire in goodly womankind
She did excel, and ſeem'd of angels' race,
Living on earth like angel new divin'd,
Adorned with wiſdom and with chaſtity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify.

No age hath bred (ſince fair Aſtræa left
The ſinful world) more vertue in a wight;
And when ſhe parted hence, with her ſhe reft
Great hope, and robb'd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the ſhepherd laſſes now lament,
For double loſs by her hath on them light,
To loſe both her and bounty's ornament.

Ne let Eliza, royal ſhepherdeſs,
The praiſes of my parted love envy,
For ſhe hath praiſes in all plenteouſneſs
Pour'd upon her, like ſhowers of Caſtaly,
By her own ſhepherd, Colin, her own ſhepherd,
That her with heavenly hymns doth deify,
Of ruſtick Muſe full hardly to be better'd.

She is the roſe, the glory of the day,
And mine the primroſe in the lowly ſhade:
Mine, ah! not mine; amiſs I mine did ſay:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.
O that ſo fair a flowre ſo ſoon ſhould fade,
And through untimely tempeſt fall away!

She fell away in her firſt age's ſpring,
Whilſt yet her leaf was green, and freſh her rind,
And whilſt her branch fair bloſſoms forth did bring,
She fell away againſt all courſe of kind.
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong:
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

II.

What heart ſo ſtony hard but that would weep,
And pour forth fountains of inceſſant tears?
What Timon but would let compaſſion creep
Into his breaſt, and pierce his frozen ears?
In ſtead of tears, whoſe brackiſh bitter well
I waſted have, my heart-blood dropping wears,
To think to ground how that fair bloſſom fell.

Yet fell ſhe not as one enforc'd to die,
Ne died with dread and grudging diſcontent,
But as one toil'd with travel down doth lie,
So lay ſhe down, as if to ſleep ſhe went,
And cloſ'd her eyes with careleſs quietneſs;
The whiles ſoft Death away her ſpirit hent,
And ſoul aſſoyl'd from ſinful fleſhlineſs.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forſake,
She, all reſolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wiſe beſpake;
Alcyon! ah, my firſt and lateſt love!
Ah! why does my Alcyon weep and mourn,
And grieve my ghoſt, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chaunſt ſome evil tourn!

I, ſith the meſſenger is come for me,
That ſummons ſouls unto the bridale feaſt
Of his great Lord, muſt needs depart from thee,
And ſtraight obey his ſoveraign beheaſt;
Why ſhould Alcyon then ſo ſore lament
That I from miſery ſhould be releaſt,
And freed from wretched long impriſonment?

Our days are full of dolour and diſeaſe,
Our life afflicted with inceſſant pain,
That nought on earth may leſſen or appeaſe;
Why then ſhould I deſire here to remain?
Or why ſhould he that loves me ſorry be
For my deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward joys to ſee?

I go, and long deſired have to go,
I go with gladneſs to my wiſhed reſt,
Whereas no world's ſad care nor waſting woe
May come, their happy quiet to moleſt;
But ſaints and angels in celeſtial thrones
Eternally him praiſe that hath them bleſt;
There ſhall I be amongſt thoſe bleſſed ones.

Yet ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us paſt,
My young Ambroſia; in lieu of me
Love her, ſo ſhall our love for ever laſt.
Thus, Dear! adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So having ſaid, away ſhe ſoftly paſt.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine underſong.

III.

So oft as I record thoſe piercing words,
Which yet are deep engraven in my breſt,
And thoſe laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet ſugred ſpeeches do compare,
The which my ſoul firſt conquer'd and poſſeſt,
The firſt beginners of my endleſs care:

And when thoſe pallid cheeks and aſhie hue,
In which ſad Death his portraiture had writ,
And when thoſe hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghaſtly Night did ſit,
I match with that ſweet ſmile and chearful brow,
Which all the world ſubdued unto it,
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I when I ſaw her lead
The ſhepherds' daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would ſhe trace and ſoftly tread
The tender graſs, with roſie garland crown'd?
And when ſhe liſt advaunce her heavenly voice,
Both Nymphs and Muſes nigh ſhe made aſtown'd,
And flocks and ſhepherds cauſed to rejoyce.

But now, ye ſhepherd Laſſes! who ſhall lead
Your wandering troups, or ſing your virelayes?
Or who ſhall dight your bowres, ſith ſhe is dead
That was the lady of your holy-days?
Let now your bliſs be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your ioyous plays,
And with the ſame fill every hill and dale.

Let bagpipe never more be heard to ſhrill,
That may allure the ſenſes to delight,
Ne ever ſhepherd ſound his oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleaſance; but let ghaſtlineſs
And dreary horror dim the chearful light,
To make the image of true heavineſs;

Let birds be ſilent on the naked ſpray,
And ſhady woods reſound with dreadfull yells;
Let ſtreaming floods their haſty courſes ſtay,
And parching drouth dry up the cryſtal wells;
Let th' earth be barren, and bring forth no flowres,
And th' air be fill'd with noiſe of doleful knells,
And wandering ſpirits walk untimely houres.

And Nature, nurſe of every living thing,
Let reſt her ſelf from her long wearineſs,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monſters full of uglineſs;
For ſhe it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurſe, but ſtepdame cruel, mercileſs.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

IV.

My little flock, whom earſt I lov'd ſo well,
And wont to feed with fineſt graſs that grew,
Feed ye henceforth on bitter aſtrofell,
And ſtinking ſmallage, and unſavory rue;
And when your maws are with thoſe weeds corrupted,
Be ye the prey of wolves; ne will I rue
That with your carkaſſes wild beaſts be glutted.

Ne worſe to you, my ſilly Sheep! I pray,
Ne ſorer vengeance wiſh on you to fall
Than to my ſelf, for whoſe confus'd decay
To careleſs Heavens I do daily call;
But Heavens refuſe to hear a wretch's cry,
And cruel Death doth ſcorn to come at call,
Or grant this boon that moſt deſires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remain,
But the ungodly ones he doth forſake,
By living long to multiply their pain;
Elſe ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
As the great Judge at firſt did it ordain,
But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

Therefore my Daphne they have tane away,
For worthy of a better place was ſhe,
But me unworthy willed here to ſtay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghoſt do ſervice day by day.

For I will walk this wandering pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waſte my bitter age:
My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mind,
My drink the tears which from mine eyes do rain,
My bed the ground that hardeſt I may find;
So will I wilfully increaſe my pain.

And ſhe, my love that was, my ſaint that is,
When ſhe beholds from her celeſtial throne
(In which ſhe joyeth in eternal bliſs)
My bitter penance, will my caſe bemone,
And pity me that living thus do die;
For heavenly ſpirits have compaſſion
On mortal men, and rue their miſery.

So when I have with ſorrow ſatisfide
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me ſeek,
And th' Heavens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pity of my ſufferance meek,
Will ſend for me, for which I daily long,
And will till then my painful penance eke.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

V.

Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her workmanſhip no pleaſure find,
For they be all but vain, and quickly fade;
So ſoon as on them blows the northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
And mocking ſuch as think they long will ſtay.

I hate the heaven, becauſe it doth with-hold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, becauſe it is the mould
Of fleſhly ſlime and frail mortality;
I hate the fire, becauſe to nought it flies;
I hate the air, becauſe ſighs of it be;
I hate the ſea, becauſe it tears ſupplies.

I hate the day, becauſe it lendeth light
To ſee all things, and not my love to ſee;
I hate the darkneſs, and the dreary night,
Becauſe they bred ſad balefulneſs in me;
I hate all times, becauſe all times do fly
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed be,
But as a ſpeedy poſt that paſſeth by.

I hate to ſpeak, my voice is ſpent with crying;
I hate to hear, loud plaints have dull'd mine ears;
I hate to taſte, for food with-holds my dying;
I hate to ſee, mine eyes are dimm'd with tears;
I hate to ſmell, no ſweet on earth is left;
I hate to feel, my fleſh is numb'd with fears:
So all my ſenſes from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and ſhun all womankind;
The one, becauſe as I they wretched are;
The other, for becauſe I do not find
My love with them, that wont to be their ſtar:
And life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt;
And death I hate, becauſe it life doth mar;
And all I hate that is to come or paſt.

So all the world, and all in it, I hate,
Becauſe it changeth ever to and fro,
And never ſtandeth in one certain ſtate,
But ſtill unſtedfaſt, round about doth go
Like a mill-wheel, in midſt of miſery,
Driven with ſtreams of wretchedneſs and woe,
That dying lives, and living ſtill does die.

So do I live, ſo do I daily die,
And pine away in ſelf-conſuming pain;
Sith ſhe that did my vital powers ſupply,
And feeble ſpirits in their force maintain,
Is fetcht from me, why ſeek I to prolong
My weary days in dolour and diſdain?
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

VI.

Why do I longer live in life's deſpight,
And do not die then in deſpight of death;
Why do I longer ſee this loathſom light,
And do in darkneſs not abridge my breath,
Sith all my ſorrow ſhould have end thereby,
And cares find quiet? Is it ſo uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to die?

To live I find it deadly dolorous,
For life draws care, and care continual woe;
Therefore to die muſt needs be joyeous,
And wiſhful thing this ſad life to forgoe:
But I muſt ſtay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bade me ſo;
She bade me ſtay till ſhe for me did ſend.

Yet whilſt I in this wretched vale do ſtay,
My weary feet ſhall ever wandring be,
That ſtill I may be ready on my way
When as her meſſenger doth come for me;
Ne will I reſt my feet for feebleneſs,
Ne will I reſt my limbs for fraelty,
Ne will I reſt mine eyes for heavineſs.

But as the mother of the gods, that fought
For fair Eurydice, her daughter dear,
Throughout the world, with woful heavy thought,
So will I travel whilſt I tarry here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne when as drouping Titan draweth near,
To looſe his teem, will I take up my inn.

Ne ſleep (the harbenger of weary wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne ſhall with reſt refreſh my fainting ſprights,
Nor failing force to former ſtrength reſtore;
But I will wake and ſorrow all the night
With Philomel, my fortune to deplore;
With Philomel, the partner of my plight.

And ever as I ſee the ſtar to fall,
And under ground to go to give them light
Which dwell in darkneſs, I to mind will call
How my fair ſtar (that ſhin'd on me ſo bright)
Fell ſuddainly, and faded under-ground,
Since whoſe departure day is turn'd to night,
And night without a Venus' ſtar is found.

But as ſoon as Day doth ſhew his dewie face,
And calls forth men unto their toylſom trade,
I will withdraw me to ſome darkſom place,
Or ſome dear cave, or ſolitary ſhade;
There will I ſigh, and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underſong.

VII.

Henceforth mine eyes ſhall never more behold
Fair things on earth, ne feed on falſe delight
Of ought that framed is of mortal mould,
Sith that my faireſt flower is faded quight;
For all I ſee is vain and tranſitory,
Ne will be held in any ſtedfaſt plight,
But in a moment loſe their grace and glory.

And ye, fond Men! on Fortune's wheel that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repoſe aſſurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride,
Be ſure that they ſhall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only uſance
Of a ſmall time, which none aſcertain may.

And ye, true Lovers! whom deſaſtrous chaunce
Hath far exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourn in ſorrow and ſad ſufferaunce,
When ye do hear me in that deſert place
Lamenting loud my Daphne's elegy,
Help me to wail my miſerable caſe,
And when life parts vouchſafe to cloſe mine eye.

And ye, more happy Lovers! which enjoy
The preſence of your deareſt love's delight,
When ye do hear my ſorrowful annoy,
Yet pity me in your empaſſion'd ſpright,
And think that ſuch miſhap, as chaunſt to me,
May happen unto the moſt happy wight,
For all mens ſtates alike unſtedfaſt be.

And ye, my fellow Shepherds! which do feed
Your carelefs flocks on hills and open plains,
With better fortune than did me fucceed,
Remember yet my undeferved pains;
And when ye hear that I am dead or flain,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-fwains
That fad Alcyon dy'd in life's difdain.

And ye, fair Damfels! fhepherds' dear delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts poffefs,
Whenas my hearfe fhall happen to your fights,
Vouchfafe to deck the fame with cyparefs;
And ever fprinkle brackifh tears among,
In pity of my undeferv'd diftrefs,
The which I, wretch, endured have thus long.

And ye, poor Pilgrims! that with reftlefs toyl
Weary your felves in wandring defart ways,
Till that you come where ye your vows affoyl,
When paffing by ye read thefe woful lays
On my grave written, rue my Daphne's wrong,
And mourn for me that languifh out my days.
Ceafe, Shepherd! ceafe, and end thy underfong."

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
The heavieft plaint that ever I heard found,
His cheeks wext pale, and fprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fall'n to ground;
Which when I faw, I (ftepping to him light)
Amooved him out of his ftony fwound,
And 'gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor ſuffer ſolace to approach him nie,
But caſting up a ſdeignful eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his hair, and beat his blubbred face,
As one diſpoſed wilfully to die,
That I ſore griev'd to ſee his wretched caſe.

Tho when the pang was ſomewhat over-paſt,
And the outrageous paſſion nigh appeaſed,
I him deſir'd, ſith day was over-caſt,
And dark night faſt approached, to be pleaſed
To turn aſide unto my cabinet,
And ſtay with me till he were better eaſed
Of that ſtrong ſtound which him ſo ſore beſet.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to ſtay,
But without taking leave he forth did go
With ſtaggring pace and diſmal looks' diſmay,
As if that Death he in the face had ſeen,
Or helliſh hags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot ween.

ASTROPHEL:

A PASTORAL ELEGY

Upon the death of the moſt noble and valorous knight,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Dedicated to the moſt beautiful and vertuous lady,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

SHEPHERDS! that wont on pipes of oaten reed
Oft-times to plain your loves concealed ſmart,
And with your piteous lays have learn'd to breed
Compaſſion in a country laſs's heart,
Hearken, ye gentle Shepherds! to my ſong,
And place my doleful plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I ſing this mournful verſe,
The mournful'ſt verſe that ever man heard tell;
To you whoſe ſoftned hearts it may empierce
With Dolour's dart, for death of Aſtrophel:
To you I ſing, and to none other wight,
For well I wote my rymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read,
Think he that ſuch are for ſuch ones moſt fit,
Made not to pleaſe the living, but the dead;
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be mov'd to pity ſuch a caſe.

A GENTLE ſhepherd, born in Arcady,
Of gentleſt race that ever ſhepherd bore,
About the graſſie banks of Hæmony
Did keep his ſheep, his little ſtock and ſtore:
Full carefully he kept them day and night
In faireſt fields, and Aſtrophel he hight.

Young Aſtrophel! the pride of ſhepherds' praiſe,
Young Aſtrophel! the ruſtick laſſes love,
Far paſſing all the paſtors of his days,
In all that ſeemly ſhepherds might behove;
In one thing only failing of the beſt,
That he was not ſo happy as the reſt.

For from the time that firſt the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A ſlender ſwain, excelling far each other
In comely ſhape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up faſt in goodneſs and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face;

Which daily more and more he did augment
With gentle uſage and demeanure mild,
That all mens hearts with ſecret raviſhment
He ſtole away, and weetingly beguil'd:
Ne Spight it ſelf, that all good things doth ſpill,
Found out in him that ſhe could ſay was ill.

His ſports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without ſowre, and honey without gall;
And he himſelf ſeem'd made for merriment,
Merrily maſking both in bower and hall:
There was no pleaſure nor delightful play
When Aſtrophel ſo-ever was away.

For he could pipe and dance, and carol ſweet
Emongſt the ſhepherds in their ſhearing feaſt,

As ſommer's lark, that with her ſong doth greet
The dawning day, forth coming from the eaſt:
And layes of love he alſo could compoſe;
Thrice happy ſhe whom he to praiſe did choſe.

Full many maidens often did him woo
Them to vouchſafe emongſt his rimes to name,
Or make for them, as he was wont to do
For her that did his heart with love inflame;
For which they promiſed to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and girlonds trim.

And many a nymph, both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaten pipe began to ſhrill,
Both cryſtal wells and ſhady groves forſook,
To hear the charms of his enchanting ſkill,
And brought him preſents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harveſt-time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood-gods for them often ſighed ſore;
Ne for their gifts, unworthy of his wit,
Yet not unworthy of the country's ſtore:
For one alone he car'd, for one he ſigh'd,
His life's deſire, and his dear love's delight.

Stella the fair! the faireſt ſtar in ſky,
As fair as Venus, or the faireſt fair,
(A fairer ſtar ſaw never living eye)
Shot her ſharp-pointed beams through pureſt air:

Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
His thoughts, his rimes, his ſongs, were all upon her.

To her he vow'd the ſervice of his days,
On her he ſpent the riches of his wit,
For her he made hymns of immortal praiſe,
Of only her he ſung, he thought, he writ:
Her, and but her, of love he worthy deemed,
For all the reſt but little he eſteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wooed,
And verſes vain, (yet verſes are not vain)
But with brave deeds to her ſole ſervice vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertain;
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wiſe and hardy, (too hardy, alas!)

In wreſtling nimble, and in running ſwift;
In ſhooting ſteddy, and in ſwimming ſtrong:
Well made to ſtrike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the ſports that ſhepherds are emong.
In every one he vanquiſht every one,
He vanquiſht all, and vanquiſht was of none.

Beſides, in hunting ſuch felicity,
Or rather infelicity, he found,
That every field and foreſt far away
He ſought, where ſalvage beaſts do moſt abound:
No beaſt ſo ſalvage but he could it kill,
No chace ſo hard but he therein had ſkill.

Such ſkill, matcht with ſuch courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud deſire of praiſe
To ſeek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His miſtreſs' name and his own fame to raiſe.
What needeth peril to be ſought abroad,
Sith round about us it doth make aboad?

It fortuned as he that perilous game
In forein ſoil purſued far away,
Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
Where ſtore he heard to be of ſalvage prey:
So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn nor foul Arlo is.

There his well-woven toyls and ſubtil trains
He laid, the brutiſh nation to enwrap;
So well he wrought with practice and with pains,
That he of them great troups did ſoon entrap:
Full happy man (miſweening much) was he,
So rich a ſpoyl within his power to ſee.

Eftſoones all heedleſs of his deareſt hale,
Full greedily into the herd he thruſt,
To ſlaughter them, and work their final bale,
Leſt that his toyl ſhould of their troups be burſt.
Wide wounds emongſt them many a one he made,
Now with his ſharp-boar ſpear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might ſcape (ſo partial unto none)

Ill mind, ſo much to mind another's ill,
As to become unmindful of his own:
But pardon that unto the cruel ſkyes,
That from himſelf to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongſt that beaſtly rout,
A cruel beaſt, of moſt accurſed brood,
Upon him turn'd (deſpair makes cowards ſtout)
And with fell tooth, accuſtomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with ſo miſchievous might,
That it both bone and muſcles rived quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deep the wound,
And ſo huge ſtreams of blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direful ſtound,
But on the cold dear earth himſelf did throw;
The whiles the captive herd his nets did rend,
And having none to lett, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while, his ſhepherd peers,
To whom alive was nought ſo dear as he?
And ye, fair Maids! the matches of his years,
Which in his grace did boaſt you moſt to be?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need
To ſtop his wound, that wondrouſly did bleed?

Ah! wretched Boy! the ſhape of Dreryhead,
And ſad enſample of man's ſudden end,
Full little faileth but thou ſhalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplain'd, of foe or friend;

Whilſt none is nigh thine eye-lids up to cloſe,
And kiſs thy lips like faded leaves of roſe.

A ſort of ſhepherds ſuing of the chace,
As they the foreſt ranged on a day,
By Fate or Fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckleſs boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would ſtill have bled,
Had not good hap thoſe ſhepherds thither led.

They ſtopt his wound (too late to ſtop it was)
And in their arms then ſoftly did him rear;
Tho (as he will'd) unto his loved laſs,
His deareſt love, him dolefully did bear:
The dolefulſt bier that ever man did ſee
Was Aſtrophel, but deareſt unto me.

She, when ſhe ſaw her love in ſuch a plight,
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her dear favours dearly well adorned,
Her face, the faireſt face that eye mote ſee,
She likewiſe did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow locks, that ſhone ſo bright and long,
As ſunny beams in faireſt ſummer's day,
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roſes rent away;
And her fair breſt, the treaſury of joy,
She ſpoyl'd thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft;
And with ſweet kiſſes ſuck'd the waſting breath
Out of his lips, like lillies, pale and ſoft;
And oft ſhe call'd to him, who anſwer'd nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The reſt of her impatient regret
And piteous mone the which ſhe for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can ſet,
But he whoſe heart like ſorrow did invade.
At laſt, when pain his vital powers had ſpent,
His waſted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe ſtaied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haſte;
Forth-with her ghoſt out of her corps did flit,
And followed her mate, like turtle chaſte,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love ſo firmly tide.

The gods, which all things ſee, this ſame beheld,
And pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blue:
It firſt grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like Aſtrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midſt thereof a ſtar appears,
As fairly form'd as any ſtar in ſkyes,

Reſembling Stella in her freſheſt years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes;
And all the day it ſtandeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of ſome Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others Penthia, though not ſo well;
But thou, where-ever thou doſt find the ſame,
From this day forth do call it Aſtrophel;
And whenſoever thou it up dooſt take,
Do pluck it ſoftly, for that ſhepherd's ſake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did paſs,
The ſhepherds all, which loved him full dear,
(And ſure full dear of all he loved was)
Did thither flock, to ſee what they did hear;
And when that piteous ſpectacle they viewed,
The ſame with bitter tears they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguiſh and great grief oppreſt;
And every one did weep, and wail, and mone,
And means devis'd to ſhew his ſorrow beſt;
That from that howre, ſince firſt on graſſie green
Shepherds kept ſheep, was not like mourning ſeen.

But firſt his ſiſter, that Clarinda hight,
That gentleſt ſhepherdeſs that lives this day,
And moſt reſembling, both in ſhape and ſpright,
Her brother dear, began this doleful lay;

Which, leſt I mar the ſweetneſs of the verſe,
In ſort as ſhe it ſung I will reherſe.

"Aye me! to whom ſhall I my caſe complain,
That may compaſſion my impatient grief?
Or where ſhall I unfold my inward pain,
That my enriven heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it ſhow?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To Heavens? ah! they, alas! the authors were,
And workers, of my unremedied wo;
For they foreſee what to us happens here,
And they foreſaw, yet ſuffred this be ſo.
From them comes good, from them comes alſo ill;
That which they made, who can them warn to ſpill?

To men? ah! they, alas! like wretched be,
And ſubject to the Heavens' ordinance,
Bound to abide whatever they decree;
Their beſt redreſs is their beſt ſufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,
The which no leſs need comforted to be?

Then to my ſelf will I my ſorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like ſorrowful remains,
And to my ſelf my plaints ſhall back retourn,
To pay their uſury with double pains:
The woods, the hills, the rivers, ſhall reſound
The mournful accent of my ſorrows' ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are deſolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace;
And all the fields do wail their widow ſtate,
Sith death their faireſt flower did late deface:
The faireſt flowre in field that ever grew
Was Aſtrophel; that was we all may rue.

What cruel hand of curſed foe unknown
Hath cropt the ſtalk which bore ſo fair a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were grown,
And clean defaced in untimely howre:
Great loſs to all that ever him did ſee,
Great loſs to all, but greateſt loſs to me.

Break now your girlonds, O ye ſhepherds Laſſes!
Sith the fair flowre which them adorn'd is gone;
The flowre which them adorn'd is gone to aſhes,
Never again let laſs put girlond on:
In ſtead of girlond, wear ſad cypreſs now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bough.

Ne ever ſing the love-layes which he made;
Who ever made ſuch layes of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles which he ſaid
Unto your ſelves, to make you merry glee:
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry-maker now, alas! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my joy;

Both you and me, and all the world, he quight
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left ſad annoy.
Joy of the world, and ſhepherds' pride, was he;
Shepherds, hope never like again to ſee.

O Death! that haſt us of ſuch riches reft,
Tell us, at leaſt, what haſt thou with it done?
What is become of him whoſe flowre here left
Is but the ſhadow of his likeneſs gone?
Scarce like the ſhadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a ſhade did paſs.

But that immortal ſpirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celeſtial grace,
By ſoveraign choice from th' heavenly quires ſelect,
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,
O what is now of it become? aread:
Aye me! can ſo divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in bliſsful paradiſe,
Where like a new-born babe it ſoft doth lie
In bed of lillies, wrapt in tender wiſe,
And compaſt all about with roſes ſweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thouſand birds, all of celeſtial brood,
To him do ſweetly carol day and night,
And with ſtrange notes, of him well underſtood,
Lull him aſleep in angel-like delight;

Whilſt in ſweet dream to him preſented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may ſee.

But he them ſees, and takes exceeding pleaſure
Of their divine aſpects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all meaſure;
Sweet love, ſtill joyous, never feeling pain:
For what ſo goodly form he there doth ſee
He may enjoy, from jealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlaſting bliſs,
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing ſavage beaſts' more cruelty,
Whilſt we hear wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou there ſtill, happy, happy Spirit!
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;
Not thee that dooſt thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own ſelves, that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miſeries."

Which when ſhe ended had, another ſwain,
Of gentle wit and dainty ſweet device,
Whom Aſtrophel full dear did entertain
Whilſt here he liv'd, and held in paſſing price,
Hight Theſtylis, began his mournful tourn,
And made the Muſes in his ſong to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
And every one in order lov'd him beſt,
'Gan dight themſelves t' expreſs their inward woe
With doleful layes, unto the time addreſt;
The which I here in order will rehearſe,
As fitteſt flowres to deck his mournful hearſe.

OF THESTYLIS.

Come forth, ye Nymphs! come forth,
Forſake your watry bowres,
Forſake your moſſy caves,
And help me to lament;
Help me to tune my doleful notes
To gurgling ſound
Of Liffie's tumbling ſtreams:
Come, let ſalt tears of ours
Mix with his waters freſh:
O come! let one conſent
Joyn us to mourn with wailful plaints
The deadly wound
Which fatal clap hath made,
Decreed by higher powres;
The drery day in which
They have from us yrent
The nobleſt plant that might
From eaſt to weſt be found.
Mourn, mourn great Philip's fall!
Mourn we his woeful end,
Whom ſpightful Death hath pluckt
Untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his years in flowre
Did promiſe worthy fruit.
Ah! dreadful Mars! why didſt
Thou not thy knight defend?

What wrathful mood, what fault
Of ours hath moved thee
Of ſuch a ſhining light
To leave us deſtitute?
Thou with benigne aſpect
Sometime didſt us behold;
Thou haſt in Briton's valour
Ta'en delight of old,
And with thy preſence oft
Vouchſaft to attribute
Fame and renown to us
For glorious martial deeds;
But now thy ireful beams
Have chill'd our hearts with cold;
Thou haſt eſtrang'd thy ſelf,
And deigneſt not our land:
Far off, to others now
Thy favour honour breeds,
And high diſdain doth cauſe
Thee ſhun our clime, I fear;
For hadſt thou not been wroth,
Or that time near at hand,
Thou wouldſt have heard the cry
That woful England made;
Eke Zealand's piteous plaints,
And Holland's toren hair,
Would haply have appeas'd
Thy divine angry mind
Thou ſhouldſt have ſeen the trees
Refuſe to yield their ſhade,

And wailing, to let fall
The honours of their head;
And birds in mournful tunes
Lamenting in their kind.
Up from his tomb
The mighty Corineus rose,
Who cursing oft the Fates,
That his mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
Calling the Heavens unkind.
The Thames was heard to roar,
The Reyne and eke the Mose,
The Schald, the Danow' self
This great mischance did rue
With torment and with grief;
Their fountains pure and clear
Were troubled, and with swelling floods
Declar'd their woes.
The Muses comfortless,
The Nymphs with pallid hue,
The sylvan gods likewise
Came running far and near,
And all with tears bedew'd,
And eyes cast up on high,
O help! O help! ye Gods!
They ghastly 'gan to cry;
O change the cruel fate
Of this so rare a wight,
And grant that Nature's course
May measure out his age.

The beaſts their food forſook,
And trembling fearfully,
Each ſought his cave or den,
This cry did them ſo fright.
Out from amid the waves,
By ſtorm then ſtirr'd to rage,
This cry did cauſe to riſe
Th' old Father Ocean hoar,
Who grave with eld, and full
Of majeſty in ſight,
Spake in this wiſe; " Refrain,"
Quoth he, " your tears and plaints;
" Ceaſe theſe your idle words,
" Make vain requeſts no more;
" No humble ſpeech nor mone
" May move the fixed flint
" Of Deſtiny or Death:
" Such is his will that paints
" The earth with colours freſh,
" The darkeſt ſkyes with ſtore
" Of ſtarry lights; and though
" Your tears a heart of flint
" Might tender make, yet nought
" Herein they will prevail."
Whiles thus he ſaid,
The noble knight, who 'gan to feel
His vital force to faint,
And Death with cruel dint
Of direful dart
His mortal body to aſſail,

With eyes lift up to heav'n,
And courage frank as ſteel,
With chearful face,
Where valour lively was expreſt,
But humble mind, he ſaid,
"O Lord! if ought this frail
"And earthly carcaſs have
"Thy ſervice ſought t' advance;
"If my deſire hath been
"Still to relieve th' oppreſt;
"If juſtice to maintain,
"That valour I have ſpent
"Which thou me gav'ſt; or if
"Henceforth I might advance
"Thy name, thy truth, then ſpare
"Me (Lord!) if thou think beſt;
"Forbear theſe unripe years:
"But if thy will be bent,
"If that prefixed time
"Be come which thou haſt ſet,
"Through pure and fervent faith
"I hope now to be plac'd
"In th' everlaſting bliſs
"Which with thy precious blood
"Thou purchaſe did for us."
With that a ſigh he ſet,
And ſtraight a cloudy miſt
His ſenſes over-caſt;
His lips waxt pale and wan,
Like damaſk roſes' bud

Caſt from the ſtalk, or like
In field to purple flowre,
Which languiſheth, being ſhred
By culter as it paſt.
A trembling chilly cold
Ran through their veins, which were
With eyes brim-full of tears
To ſee his fatal houre,
Whoſe bluſtering ſighs at firſt
Their ſorrow did declare,
Next murmuring enſude:
At laſt they not forbear
Plain out-cries, all againſt
The Heav'ns, that enviouſly
Depriv'd us of a ſpright
So perfect and ſo rare.
The ſun his lightſom beams
Did ſhroud, and hide his face
For grief, whereby the earth
Fear'd night eternally:
The mountains each were ſhook;
The rivers turn'd their ſtreams;
And th' air 'gan winter-like
To rage and fret apace;
And griſly ghoſts by night
Were ſeen, and fiery gleams
Amids the clouds, with claps
Of thunder, that did ſeem
To rent the ſkies, and made
Both man and beaſt afeard.

The birds of ill preſage
This luckleſs chance fore-told
By dernful noiſe, and dogs
With howling made men deem
Some miſchief was at hand;
For ſuch they do eſteem
As tokens of miſhap,
And ſo have done of old.
Ah! that thou hadſt but heard
His lovely Stella 'plain
Her grievous loſs, or ſeen
Her heavy mourning cheer,
While ſhe with woe oppreſt
Her ſorrows did unfold:
Her hair hung looſe neglect
About her ſhoulders twain;
And from thoſe two bright ſtars,
To him ſometime ſo deer,
Her heart ſent drops of pearl,
Which fell in foyſon down
Twixt lilly and the roſe:
She wrong her hands with pain,
And piteouſly 'gan ſay,
" My true and faithfull Pheer,
" Alas! and woe is me!
" Why ſhould my fortune frown
" On me thus frowardly,
" To rob me of my joy?
" What cruell envious hand
" Hath taken thee away,

"And with thee my content,
"My comfort and my joy?
"Thou only wast the ease
"Of trouble and annoy;
"When they did me assail,
"In thee my hopes did rest.
"Alas! what now is left
"But grief, that night and day
"Afflicts this woful life,
"And with continual rage
"Torments ten thousand ways
"My miserable brest?
"O greedy envious Heav'n!
"What needeth thee to have
"Enrich'd with such a jewel
"This unhappy age,
"To take it back again
"So soon? Alas! when shall
"Mine eyes see ought that may
"Content them, since the grave
"My only treasure hides,
"The joys of my poor heart?
"As here with thee on earth
"I liv'd, ev'n so equal
"Methinks it were with thee
"In heav'n I did abide;
"And as our troubles all
"We here on earth did part,
"So reason would that there
"Of thy most happy state

"I had my ſhare. Alas!
"If thou my truſty guide
"Were wont to be, how canſt
"Thou leave me thus alone
"In darkneſs, and aſtray?
"Weak, weary, deſolate
"Plung'd in a world of woe,
"Refuſing for to take
"Me with thee to the place
"Of reſt where thou art gone."
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace,
For ſorrow tide her tongue,
And inſtead of more words,
Seem'd that her eyes a lake
Of tears had been, they flow'd
So plenteouſly therefro;
And with her ſobs and ſighs
Th' air round about her rung.
If Venus, when ſhe wail'd
Her dear Adonis ſlain,
Ought mov'd in thy fierce heart
Compaſſion of her woe,
His noble ſiſter's plaints,
Her ſighs and tears emong,
Would ſure have made thee mild,
And inly rue her pain.
Aurora half ſo fair
Her ſelf did never ſhow,
When from old Tithon's bed
She weeping did ariſe,

The blinded Archer-boy,
Like lark in ſhowre of rain,
Sate bathing of his wings,
And, glad, the time did ſpend
Under thoſe chryſtal drops
Which fell from her fair eyes,
And at their brighteſt beams
Him proyn'd in lovely wiſe:
Yet ſorry for her grief,
Which he could not amend,
The gentle boy 'gan wipe
Her eyes, and clear thoſe lights,
Thoſe lights through which
His glory and his conqueſts ſhine.
The Graces tuckt her hair,
Which hung like threds of gold
Along her ivory breſt,
The treaſure of delights.
All things with her to weep
It ſeemed did incline;
The trees, the hills, the dales,
The caves, the ſtones ſo cold;
The air did help them mourn,
With dark cloulds, rain and miſt,
Forbearing many a day
To clear itſelf again,
Which made them eftſoons fear
The days of Pyrrha ſhould
Of creatures ſpoil the earth,
Their fatal threds untwiſt;

For Phœbus' gladſom rays
Were wiſhed for in vain;
And with her quivering light
Latona's daughter fair,
And Charles-Wain eke, refus'd
To be the ſhipman's guide.
On Neptune war was made
By Æolus and his train,
Who letting looſe the winds,
Toſt and tormented th' air;
So that on ev'ry coaſt
Men ſhipwrack did abide,
Or elſe were ſwallow'd up
In open ſea with waves;
And ſuch as came to ſhore
Were beaten with deſpair.
The Medway's ſilver ſtreams,
That wont ſo ſtill to ſlide,
Were troubled now and wroth,
Whoſe hidden hollow caves
Along his banks, with fog
Then ſhrouded from man's eye,
Ay Philip! did reſound,
Ay Philip! they did cry.
His nymphs were ſeen no more,
(Though cuſtom ſtill it craves)
With hair ſpred to the wind,
Themſelves to bathe or ſport,
Or with the hook or net,
Bare-footed, wantonly

The pleasant dainty fiſh
To entangle or deceive.
The ſhepherds left
Their wonted places of reſort,
Their bagpipes now were ſtill;
Their loving merry lays
Were quite forgot; and now
Their flocks, men might perceive
To wander and to ſtray,
All careleſly neglect;
And in the ſtead of mirth
And pleaſure nights and days,
Nought elſe was to be heard
But woes, complaints, and mone.
But thou (O bleſſed Soul!)
Doſt haply not reſpect
Theſe tears we ſhed, though full
Of loving pure aſpect;
Having affix'd thine eye
On that moſt glorious throne,
Where, full of majeſty,
The high Creator reigns,
In whoſe bright ſhining face
Thy joys are all complete,
Whoſe love kindles thy ſpright;
Where happy always one
Thou liv'ſt in bliſs
That earthly paſſion never ſtains;
Where from the pureſt ſpring
The ſacred nectar ſweet

Is thy continual drink;
Where thou doſt gather now
Of well employed life
Th' ineſtimable gains;
Where Venus on thee ſmiles,
Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars in reverent wiſe
Doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery ſphear
To do thee honour moſt:
In higheſt part whereof,
Thy valour for to grace,
A chair of gold he ſets
To thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts anew,
Whereby even they that boaſt
Themſelves of ancient fame,
As Pyrrhus, Hannibal,
Scipio, and Cæſar, with
The reſt that did excel
In martial proweſs, high
Thy glory do admire.
All hail! therefore,
O worthy Philip immortal!
The flowre of Sydney's race!
The honour of thy name!
Whoſe worthy praiſe to ſing
My Muſes not aſpire,
But, ſorrowful and ſad,
Theſe tears to thee let fall,

Yet with their verses might
So far and wide thy fame
Extend, that envy's rage
Nor time might end the same *.

* After the preceding poem there follows, in the edition by Mr. Hughes, an advertisement in these words; "The poems "which follow are by different hands, but being written on "the same subject, it is thought proper to add them here."—The poems referred to by this advertisement are four in number, *viz.* A pastoral Eglogue upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney, Kt.; An Elegy, or Friend's Passion, for his Astrophel, written upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney; together with two Epitaphs upon the same illustrious character.—But as these poems are confessedly not Spenser's, and not even conspicuous for poetical merit, it is hoped, however interesting the subject, they are with propriety ejected from this edition of Spenser, which means to comprehend the genuine poems of that Author alone.

Feb. 1778.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

To the right honourable

THE LADY STRANGE.

MOST brave and noble Lady! the things that make ye ſo much honoured of the world as ye be, are ſuch as (without my ſimple lines' teſtimony) are throughly known to all men, namely, your excellent beauty, your vertuous behaviour, and your noble match with that moſt honourable lord, the very pattern of right nobility: but the cauſes for which ye have deſerved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are both your particular bounties, and alſo ſome private bands of affinity which it hath pleaſed your Ladyſhip to acknowledge; of which whenas I found my ſelf in no part worthy, I deviſed this laſt ſlender means, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladyſhip, and alſo to make the ſame univerſally known to the world, that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honour you.

Vouchsafe, noble Lady! to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladyship's good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's humbly ever,

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

Reherse to me, ye facred Sifters Nine!
The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,
Thofe piteous plaints and forrowful fad tine
Which late you poured forth as ye did fit
Befide the filver fprings of Helicone,
Making your mufick of heart-breaking mone:

For fince the time that Phœbus' foolifh fon
Ythundered, through Jove's avengeful wrath,
For traverfing the charret of the fun
Beyond the compafs of the pointed path,
Of you his mournful fifters was lamented,
Such mournful tunes were never fince invented.

Nor fince that fair Calliope did lofe
Her loved twins, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The Fatal Sifters, did for fpight deftroy,
Whom all the Mufes did bewail long fpace,
Was ever heard fuch wailing in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noifes
Of their fweet inftruments were wont to found,
And th' hollow hills, from which their filver voices
Were wont redoubled ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rueful cries,
And yelling fhrieks thrown up into the fkies.

The trembling ſtreams, which wont in channels clear
To rumble gently down with murmur ſoft,
And were by them right tuneful taught to bear
A baſe's part amongſt their conſort oft,
Now forc'd to overflow with brackiſh tears,
With troublous noiſe did dull their dainty ears.

The joyous Nymphs and light-foot Fairies,
Which thither came to hear their muſick ſweet,
And to the meaſures of their melodies
Did learn to move their nimble-ſhifting feet,
Now hearing them ſo heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that elſe was wont to work delight
Through the divine infuſion of their ſkill,
And all that elſe ſeem'd fair and freſh in ſight,
So made by Nature for to ſerve their will,
Was turned now to diſmal heavineſs,
Was turned now to dreadful uglineſs.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all things breeds,
Might be the cauſe of ſo impatient plight?
What fury or what fiend, with felon deeds,
Hath ſtirred up ſo miſchievous deſpight?
Can grief then enter into heavenly hearts,
And pierce immortal breaſts with mortal ſmarts?

Vouchſafe ye then, whom only it concerns,
To me thoſe ſecret cauſes to diſplay,

For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread ſo dole͟ul lay.
Begin, thou eldeſt ſiſter of the crew,
And let the reſt in order thee enſue.

CLIO.

Hear, thou great Father of the gods on high,
That moſt art dreaded for thy thunder-darts,
And thou our ſire, that reign'ſt in Caſtalie,
And Mount Parnaſs, the god of goodly art;
Hear and behold the miſerable ſtate
Of us thy daughters, doleful deſolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open ſhame
The which is day by day unto us wrought,
By ſuch as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themſelves to ſcorn,
Do ſeek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly duſt,
The ſons of Darkneſs and of Ignorance,
But they whom thou, great Jove! by doom unjuſt,
Didſt to the type of honour earſt advance;
They now, puft up with 'ſdeignful inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my celeſtial ſkill,
That wont to be the world's chief ornament,
And learned imps that wont to ſhoot up ſtill,
And grow to height of kingdoms' government,

They under keep, and with their ſpreading arms
Do beat their buds, that periſh through their harms.

It moſt behoves the honourable race
Of mighty peers true wiſdom to ſuſtain,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned forheads without gift or gain;
Or rather learn'd themſelves behoves to be,
That is the girlond of nobility.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they do eſteem
Of th' heavenly gift of wiſdom's influence,
And to be learned it a baſe thing deem;
Baſe minded they that want intelligence;
For God himſelf for wiſdom moſt is prais'd,
And men to God thereby are nigheſt rais'd.

But they do only ſtrive themſelves to raiſe
Through pompous pride and fooliſh vanity;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And only boaſt of arms and anceſtry;
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe arms firſt give
To their grandſires, they care not to atchieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profeſs
To regiſter, and ſound in trump of gold,
Through their bad doings or baſe ſlothfulneſs
Find nothing worthy to be writ or told;
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages have no light
Of things forepaſt, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkneſs, and lie hid in ſlime;
Therefore I mourn with deep heart's ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble have to ſing.

With that ſhe rain'd ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming tears,
That could have made a ſtony heart to weep,
And all her ſiſters rent their golden hears,
And their fair faces with ſalt humour ſteep.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſue.

MELPOMENE.

O WHO ſhall pour into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of tears that never may be dride!
A brazen voice, that may with ſhrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heavens, and fill the air ſo wide!
And iron ſides, that ſighing may endure,
To wail the wretchedneſs of world impure?

Ah! wretched World! the den of wickedneſs,
Deform'd with filth and foul iniquity;
Ah! wretched World! the houſe of heavineſs,
Fill'd with the wrecks of mortal miſery;
Ah! wretched World! and all that is therein,
The vaſſals of God's wrath, and ſlaves of ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature under ſky
Man without underſtanding doth appear,

For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's freaks, is wiſely taught to bear;
Of wretched life the only joy ſhe is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She arms the breaſt with conſtant patience
Againſt the bitter throws of Dolour's darts;
She ſolaceth with rules of ſapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldly ſmarts:
When he is ſad ſhe ſeeks to make him merry,
And doth refreſh his ſprights when they be weary.

But he that is of reaſon's ſkill bereft,
And wants the ſtaff of wiſdom him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip in midſt of tempeſt left,
Withouten helm or pilot her to ſway:
Full ſad and dreadful is that ſhip's event;
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then do fooliſh men ſo much deſpiſe
The precious ſtore of this celeſtial riches?
Why do they baniſh us, that patronize
The name of Learning? Moſt unhappy wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchedneſs,
Yet do not ſee their own unhappineſs.

My part it is, and my profeſſed ſkill,
The ſtage with tragick buſkins to adorn,
And fill the ſcene with plaints and outcries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons to misfortune born;

But none more tragick matter I can find
Than this, of men depriv'd of ſenſe and mind.

For all man's life me ſeems a tragedy
Full of ſad ſights and ſore cataſtrophees;
Firſt coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoils of fortune and of fear,
And he at laſt laid forth on baleful bier.

So all with rueful ſpectacles is fill'd,
Fit for Megæra or Perſephone,
But I, that in true tragedies am ſkill'd,
The flowre of wit, find nought to buſy me,
Therefore I mourn and pitifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I have none.

Then 'gan ſhe woefully to wail, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe;
And all her ſiſters thereto anſwering,
Threw forth loud ſhrieks and drery doleful cries.
So reſted ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſue.

THALIA.

Where be the ſweet delights of learning's treaſure,
That wont with comick ſock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleaſure
The liſtners' eyes and ears with melody,
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And maſk in mirth with graces well beſeen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly Glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to ſee,
And in her room unſeemly Sorrow ſits,
With hollow brows and grieſly countenance
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beſides ſits ugly Barbariſm,
And brutiſh Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad darkneſs of the deep abyſm,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the fair ſcene with rudeneſs foul diſguize.

All places they with folly have poſſeſt,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain,
But me have baniſhed, with all the reſt
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfeſance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in ſeemly ſort.

All theſe, and all that elſe the comick ſtage
With ſeaſon'd wit and goodly pleaſance grac'd,
By which man's life, in his likeſt image,
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd;
And thoſe ſweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpis'd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature ſelf had made
To mock her ſelf, and truth to imitate,

With kindly counter under mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrility,
And ſcorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rimes of ſhameleſs ribaudry
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the learned's taſk upon him take.

But that ſame gentle ſpirit, from whoſe pen
Large ſtreams of honey and ſweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldneſs of ſuch baſe-born men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhly throw,
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle cell,
Than ſo himſelf to mockery to ſell.

So am I made the ſervant of the many,
And laughing-ſtock of all that liſt to ſcorn,
Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of loſels as a thing forlorn;
Therefore I mourn and ſorrow with the reſt,
Until my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.

Therewith ſhe loudly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth ſtreams of tears abundantly,
And all her ſiſters, with compaſſion like,
The breaches of her ſingults did ſupply.

So reſted ſhe; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

EUTERPE.

Like as the dearling of the ſummer's pride,
Fair Philomele! when winter's ſtormy wrath
The goodly fields, that earſt ſo gay were dy'd
In colours divers, quite deſpoiled hath,
All comfortleſs doth hide her cheerleſs head
During the time of that her widowhead;

So we, that earſt were wont in ſweet accord
All places with our pleaſant notes to fill,
Whilſt favourable times did us afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charms at will,
All comfortleſs upon the bared bow,
Like woful culvers, do ſit wailing now.

For far more bitter ſtorm than winter's ſtower,
The beauty of the world hath lately waſted,
And thoſe freſh buds, which wont ſo fair to flower,
Hath marred quite, and all their bloſſoms blaſted;
And thoſe young plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruit or leaves are to be found.

A ſtony coldneſs hath benumb'd the ſenſe
And lively ſpirits of each living wight,
And dimm'd with darkneſs their intelligence,
Darkneſs more than Cymmerians' daily night;
And monſtrous Error, flying in the air,
Hath marr'd the face of all that ſeemed fair.

Image of helliſh Horror, Ignorance,
Born in the boſom of the black abyſs,
And fed with Furies' milk for ſuſtenance
Of his weak infancy, begot amiſs
By yawning Sloth on his own mother Night,
So he his ſons both ſire and brother hight:

He, arm'd with blindneſs and with boldneſs ſtout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fair light defaced,
And gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings raced,
And our chaſte bowers, in which all vertue reign'd,
With brutiſhneſs and beaſtly filth hath ſtain'd.

The ſacred ſprings of horſe-foot Helicon,
So oft bedewed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreams of pure Caſtalion,
The famous witneſs of our wonted praiſe,
They trampled have with their foul footings' tread,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleaſant groves, which planted were with pains,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And arbours ſweet, in which the ſhepherds' ſwains
Were wont ſo oft their paſtorals to ſing,
They have cut down, and all their pleaſure marr'd,
That now no paſtoral is to be heard.

In ſtead of them, foul goblins and ſhriek-owls,
With fearful howling do all places fill,

And feeble Eccho now laments and howls
The dreadful accents of their out-cries ſhrill:
So all is turned into wilderneſs,
Whilſt Ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſs.

And I, whoſe joy was earſt with ſpirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
My ſpirits, now diſmay'd with ſorrow dull,
Do mone my miſery with ſilence ſoft;
Therefore I mourn and wail inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe th' Heavens afford me remedy.

Therewith ſhe wailed with exceeding wo,
And piteous lamentation did make;
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her do ſo,
With equal plaints her ſorrow did partake.
So reſted ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſue.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of ſoft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleaſure ſweet,
Fearleſs through his own fault or Fortune's ſpight
To tumble into ſorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his miſery.

So we, that earſt in joyance did abound,
And in the boſom of all bliſs did ſit,
Like virgin queens, with laurel garlands crown'd,
For vertue's meed and ornament of wit,

Sith Ignorance our kingdom did confound,
Be now become moſt wretched wights on ground.

And in our royal thrones, which lately ſtood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of foul Infamy;
Blind Error, ſcornful Folly, and baſe Spight,
Who hold by wrong that we ſhould have by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merry with their fooleries;
They cheerly chant, and rimes at random fling,
The fruitful ſpawn of their rank fantaſies:
They feed the ears of fools with flattery,
And good men blame, and loſels magnify.

All places they do with their toys poſſeſs,
And reign in liking of the multitude;
The ſchools they fill with fond new-fangleneſs,
And ſway in court with pride and raſhneſs rude:
'Mongſt ſimple ſhepherds they do boaſt their ſkill,
And ſay their muſick matcheth Phœbus' quill.

The noble hearts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their prince that learning is but vain;
Fair ladies loves they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with leud delights diſtain:
Clerks they to loathly idleneſs intice,
And fill their books with diſcipline of vice.

So every where they rule and tyrannize,
For their uſurped kingdom's maintenance,
The whiles we ſilly maids, whom they deſpize,
And with reproachful ſcorn diſcountenance,
From our own native heritage exil'd,
Walk through the world, of every one revil'd.

Nor any one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchſafeth us to entertain,
Unleſs ſome one, perhaps of gentle kin,
For pities ſake compaſſion our pain,
And yield us ſome relief in this diſtreſs;
Yet to be ſo reliev'd is wretchedneſs.

So wander we all careful comfortleſs,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So ſeek we help our ſorrow to redreſs,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwer to our call;
Therefore we mourn and pitileſs complain,
Becauſe none living pitieth our pain.

With that ſhe wept and wofully lamented,
That nought on earth her grief might pacify,
And all the reſt her doleful din augmented
With ſhrieks, and groans, and grievous agony.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth enſue.

ERATO.

Ye gentle Spirits! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus' ſilver bowre were bred,

Thoughts half divine, full of the fire of love,
With beauty kindled, and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecurity poſſeſs,
Forgetful of your former heavineſs;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye uſe your loves to deify,
And blazon forth an earthly beauty's praiſe
Above the compaſs of the arched ſky:
Now change your praiſes into piteous cries,
And eulogies turn into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging love firſt 'gan you to torment,
And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace;
Thoſe now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I, that rule in meaſure moderate
The tempeſt of that ſtormy paſſion,
And uſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate
Of lover's life in likeſt faſhion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindly ſkill,
Baniſh'd by thoſe that love with lewdneſs fill.

Love wont to be ſchool-maſter of my ſkill,
And the deviceful matter of my ſong;
Sweet Love! devoid of villany or ill,
But pure and ſpotleſs, as at firſt he ſprong

Out of th'Almighty's boſom, where he neſts,
From thence infuſed into mortal breſts.

Such high conceit of that celeſtial fire,
The baſe-born brood of Blindneſs cannot gheſs,
Ne never dare their dunghil thoughts aſpire
Unto ſo lofty pitch of perfectneſs,
But rime at riot, and do rage in love,
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Fair Cytheree! the mother of Delight,
And queen of Beauty, now thou may'ſt go pack,
For lo! thy kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy ſcepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay ſon, the winged god of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus brought,
The ſweet companions of the Muſes late,
From whom what-ever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancy to aggrate,
Go beg with us, and be companions ſtill,
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall any more
Find entertainment or in court or ſchool;
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learned's meed, is now lent to the fool:
He ſings of love, and maketh loving lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly praiſe.

With that ſhe poured forth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter tears, and made exceeding mone;
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her ſad mood,
With loud laments her anſwer'd all at one.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſue.

CALLIOPE.

To whom ſhall I my evil caſe complain,
Or tell the anguiſh of my inward ſmart,
Sith none is left to remedy my pain,
Or deigns to pity a perplexed heart,
But rather ſeeks my ſorrow to augment
With foul reproach and cruel baniſhment?

For they to whom I uſed to apply
The faithful ſervice of my learned ſkill,
The goodly off-ſpring of Jove's progeny,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill,
Whoſe living praiſes in heroick ſtile
It is my chief profeſſion to compile;

They, all corrupted through the ruſt of time,
That doth all faireſt things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble ſloth or ſinful crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both deſire of worthy deeds forlorn,
And name of learning utterly do ſcorn.

Ne do they care to have the aunceſtry
Of th' old heroes memoriz'd anew;

Ne do they care that late poſterity
Should know their name, or ſpeak their praiſes due,
But die forgot from whence at firſt they ſprong,
As they themſelves ſhall be forgot ere long.

What boots it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bred?
What odds 'twixt Irus and old Inachus,
'Twixt beſt and worſt, when both alike are ded,
If none of neither mention ſhould make,
Nor out of duſt their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or ſtrive in vertue others to excel,
If none ſhould yield him his deſerved meed,
Due praiſe, that is the ſpur of doing well?
For if good were not praiſed more than ill,
None would chuſe goodneſs of his own free-will.

Therefore the Nurſe of Vertue I am hight,
And Golden Trumpet of eternity,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heaven's height,
And mortal men have power to deify:
Bacchus and Hercules I rais'd to heaven,
And Charlemain amongſt the ſtarris ſeaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more,
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore;
For noble peers whom I was wont to raiſe,
Now only ſeek for pleaſure, nought for praiſe.

Their great revenues all in ſumptuous pride
They ſpend, that nought to learning they may ſpare;
And the rich fee which poets wont divide,
Now paraſites and ſycophants do ſhare;
Therefore I mourn and endleſs ſorrow make,
Both for my ſelf and for my ſiſters' ſake.

With that ſhe loudly 'gan to wail and ſhrike,
And from her eyes a ſea of tears did poure,
And all her ſiſters, with compaſſion like,
Did more increaſe the ſharpneſs of her ſhowre.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein enſue.

URANIA.

What wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Or ſtars, conſpiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath pour'd on earth this noyous peſtilence,
That mortal minds doth inwardly infect
With love of blindneſs and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkneſs without ſoverance?

What difference 'twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th' heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wiſdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger he is in,
Through fleſhes frailty and deceit of ſin.

In this wide world in which they wretches ſtray,
It is the only comfort which they have,

It is their light, their load-ſtar, and their day;
But hell, and darkneſs, and the griſly grave,
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men born heavenly doth deface.

Through knowledge we behold the World's creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was,
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formleſs maſs;
By knowledge we do learn our ſelves to know,
And what to man, and what to God, we owe.

From hence we mount aloft into the ſky,
And look into the cryſtal firmament;
There we behold the heaven's great hierarchy,
The ſtars' pure light, the ſpheres' ſwift movement,
The ſpirits and intelligences fair,
And angels waiting on th' Almighty's chair.

And there, with humble mind and high inſight,
Th' Eternal Maker's majeſty we view,
His love, his truth, his glory, and his might,
And mercy, more than mortal men can view.
O ſovereign Lord! O ſovereign happineſs,
To ſee thee and thy mercy meaſureleſs!

Such happineſs have they that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenly diſcipline;
But ſhame and ſorrow, and accurſed caſe,
Have they that ſcorn the ſchool of arts divine,
And baniſh me, which do poſſeſs the ſkill
To make men heavenly-wiſe through humbled will.

However yet they me deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feed on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And pleaſe my ſelf with mine own-ſelf delight,
In contemplation of things heavenly wrought:
So loathing earth I look up to the ſky,
And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the miſery of men,
Which want the bliſs that wiſdom would them breed,
And like brute beaſts do lie in loathſom den
Of ghoſtly darkneſs and of ghaſtly dreed;
For whom I mourn, and for my ſelf complain,
And for my ſiſters eke, whom they diſdain.

With that ſhe wept and wail'd ſo piteouſly,
As if her eyes had been two ſpringing wells;
And all the reſt, her ſorrow to ſupply,
Did throw forth ſhrikes, and cries, and drery yells.
So ended ſhe, and then the next in rew
Began her mournful plaint, as doth enſue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFUL caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,
Without vain art or curious complements,
And ſquallid fortune into baſeneſs ſlong,
Doth ſcorn the pride of wonted ornaments:
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for me,
To tell my ſorrows, that exceeding be.

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures
With which I wont the winged words to ty,

And make a tuneful diapaſe of pleaſures,
Now being let to run at liberty
By thoſe which have no ſkill to rule them right,
Have now quite loſt their natural delight.

Heaps of huge words uphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound, though having little ſenſe,
They think to be chief praiſe of poetry,
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly Poeſie,
And made a monſter of their fantaſie.

Whilom in ages paſt none might profeſs,
But princes and high prieſts, that ſecret ſkill;
The ſacred laws therein they wont expreſs,
And with deep oracles their verſes fill;
Then was ſhe held in ſovereign dignity,
And made the nourſling of nobility.

But now nor prince nor prieſt doth her maintain,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to be
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands unclean
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie,
And treadeth under foot her holy things,
Which was the care of keſars and of kings.

One only lives, her age's ornament,
And mirror of her Maker's majeſty,
That with rich bounty and dear cheriſhment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poeſie;

Ne only favours them which it profeſs,
But is her ſelf a peerleſs poetreſs.

Moſt peerleſs prince, moſt peerleſs poetreſs!
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliza, ſacred empereſs!
Live ſhe for ever, and her royal places
Be fill'd with praiſes of divineſt wits,
That her eternize with their heavenly writs.

Some few beſide this ſacred ſkill eſteem,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which being lightned with her beauty's beam,
Are thereby fill'd with happy influence,
And lifted up above the worldes gaze,
To ſing with angels her immortal praize.

But all the reſt, as born of ſalvage brood,
And having been with acorns always fed,
Can no whit ſavour this celeſtial food,
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſs led,
And kept from looking on the lightſom day,
For whom I wail and weep all that I may.

Eftſoons ſuch ſtore of tears ſhe forth did powre,
As if ſhe all to water would have gone,
And all her ſiſters, ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep, and wail, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned inſtruments did break;
The reſt, untold, no living tongue can ſpeak.

THE RUINES OF ROME.

BY BELLAY.

I.

Ye heavenly Spirits! whoſe aſhy cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls oppreſt,
But not your praiſe, the which ſhall never die
Through your fair verſes, ne in aſhes reſt;
If ſo be ſhrilling voice of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deep abyſſes open wide,
That ye may underſtand my ſhrieking yell.
Thrice having ſeen under the heaven's veil
Your tombs' devoted compaſs over all,
Thrice unto you with loud voice I appeal,
And for your antique fury here do call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glory, faireſt of all earthly thing.

II.

Great Babylon her haughty walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot up in air;
Greece will the old Epheſian buildings blaze,
And Nylus' nurſlings their pyramids fair;
The ſame yet vaunting Greece will tell the ſtory
Of Jove's great image in Olympus placed,
Mauſolus' work will be the Carians' glory,
And Crete will boaſt the Labyrinth now raced:
The antique Rhodian will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſs, erect to memory;
And what elſe in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnify:
But I will ſing, above all moniments,
Seven Roman hills, the world's ſeven wonderments.

III.

Thou Stranger! which for Rome in Rome here ſeekeſt,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'ſt at all,
Theſe ſame old walls, old arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Old palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Behold what wreck, what ruine, and what waſte,
And how that ſhe, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her ſelf at laſt,
The prey of Time, which all things doth devoure.
Rome now of Rome is th' only funerall,
And only Rome of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought ſave Tyber, haſtning to his fall,
Remains of all. O world's inconſtancy!
That which is firm doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and ſtay.

IV.

She, whoſe high top above the ſtars did ſore,
One foot on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundneſs compaſſing;
Jove fearing leſt if ſhe ſhould greater grow,
The giants old ſhould once again upriſe,
Her whelm'd with hills, theſe ſeven hills, which be now
Tombs of her greatneſs, which did threat the ſkies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her belly th' antique Palatine,
Upon her ſtomack laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noyſome Eſquiline,
And Cælian on the right; but both her feet
Mount Viminal and Aventine do meet.

V.

Who liſts to ſee what-ever Nature, Art,
And Heaven could do, O Rome! thee let him ſee,
In caſe thy greatneſs he can gueſs in heart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more; but if the ſhade of Rome
May of the body yield a ſeeming ſight,
It's like a corſe drawn forth out of the tomb
By magick ſkill out of eternal night:
The corps of Rome in aſhes is entombed,
And her great ſpirit, rejoyned to the ſpirit
Of this great maſs, is in the ſame enwombed;
But her brave writings, which her famous merit,
In ſpight of time, out of the duſt doth rear,
Do make her idol through the world appear.

VI.

Such as the Berecynthian goddeſs bright,
In her ſwift charret, with high turrets crown'd,
Proud that ſo many gods ſhe brought to light,
Such was this city in her good days found;
This city, more than that great Phrygian mother,
Renown'd for fruit of famous progeny,
Whoſe greatneſs, by the greatneſs of none other,
But by her ſelf her equal match could ſee:
Rome only might to Rome compared be,
And only Rome could make great Rome to tremble;
So did the gods by heavenly doom decree
That other earthly powre ſhould not reſemble
Her that did match the whole earth's puiſſaunce,
And did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

VII.

Ye ſacred Ruines! and ye tragick Sights!
Which only do the name of Rome retain,
Old monuments, which of ſo famous ſprights
The honour yet in aſhes do maintain;
Triumphant arks, ſpyres neighbours to the ſkye,
That you to ſee doth th' heaven it ſelf appall,
Alas! by little ye to nothing fly,
The peoples fable and the ſpoil of all;
And though your frames do for a time make war
'Gainſt Time, yet Time in time ſhall ruinate
Your works and names, and your laſt reliques mar.
My ſad deſires reſt therefore moderate;
For if that time make end of thing ſo ſure,
It als will end the pain which I endure.

VIII.

Through arms and vaſſals Rome the world ſubdu'd,
That one would ween that one ſole city's ſtrength
Both land and ſea in roundneſs had ſurview'd,
To be the meaſure of her breadth and length:
This people's vertue yet ſo fruitful was
Of vertuous nephews, that poſterity,
Striving in powre their grand-fathers to paſs,
The loweſt earth joyn'd to the heavens high,
To th' end that having all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Roman empire might be quight,
And that though Time doth common-wealths devoure,
Yet no time ſhould ſo low embaſe their high,
That her head earth'd in her foundation deep,
Should not her name and endleſs honour keep.

IX.

Ye cruel ſtars! and eke ye gods unkind!
Heaven envious! and bitter ſtepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune or by courſe of kind
That ye do wield th' affairs of earthly creature,
Why have your hands long ſithence travailed
To frame this world that doth endure ſo long?
Or why were not theſe Roman palaces
Made of ſome matter no leſs firm and ſtrong?
I ſay not, as the common voice doth ſay,
That all things which beneath the moon have being
Are temporal, and ſubject to decay;
But I ſay rather, though not all agreeing
With ſome that ween the contrary in thought,
That all this Whole ſhall one day come to nought.

X.

As that brave ſon of Æſon, which by charms
Atchiev'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of arms
Of dragon's teeth, ſown in the ſacred ſand;
So this brave town, that in her youthly days
An hydra was of warriors glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourſling's praiſe
The fiery ſun's both one and other houſe;
But they at laſt, there being then not living
An Hercules, ſo rank ſeed to repreſs,
Emongſt themſelves with cruel fury ſtriving,
Mow'd down themſelves with ſlaughter mercileſs,
Renewing in themſelves that rage unkind
Which whilom did thoſe earth-born brethren blind.

XI.

Mars, ſhaming to have given ſo great head
To his off-ſpring, that mortal puiſſaunce
Puft up with pride of Roman hardyhed,
Seem'd above Heaven's powre it ſelf t' advaunce,
Cooling again his former kindled heat,
With which he had thoſe Roman ſpirits fill'd,
Did blow new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothick cold hot rage inſtill'd;
Then 'gan that nation, th' earth's new giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of war,
And beating down theſe walls with furious mood
Into her mother's boſom, all did mar,
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his fire,
Should boaſt himſelf of the Romane empire.

XII.

Like as whilom the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to ſcale the ſtarry ſkye,
And fight againſt the gods of heavenly birth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunder-bolts let flye;
All ſuddenly with lightning overthrown,
The furious ſquadrons down to ground did fall,
That th' earth under her children's weight did grone,
And th' heavens in glory triumpht over all;
So did that haughty front which heaped was
On theſe ſeven Roman hills it ſelf uprear
Over the world, and liſt her lofty face
Againſt the heaven, that 'gan her force to fear:
But now the ſcorned fields bemone her fall,
And gods ſecure fear not her force at all.

XIII.

Nor the ſwift fury of the flames aſpiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victors' raging blade,
Nor ruthleſs ſpoil of ſouldiers blood-deſiring,
The which ſo oft thee, Rome, their conqueſt made:
Ne ſtroke on ſtroke of Fortune variable,
Ne ruſt of age having continuance,
Nor wrath of gods, nor ſpight of men unſtable,
Nor thou oppos'd 'gainſt thine own puiſſance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of winds high blowing,
Nor ſwelling ſtreams of that god ſnaky-paced,
Which hath ſo often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride ſo much abaſed,
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.

XIV.

As men in ſummer fearleſs paſs the ford,
Which is in winter lord of all the plain,
And with his tumbling ſtreams doth bear aboord
The ploughman's hope and ſhepherd's labour vain;
And as the coward beaſts uſe to deſpiſe
The noble lyon after his live's end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vain fool-hardiſe
Daring the foe that cannot him defend;
And as at Troy moſt daſtards of the Greeks
Did brave about the corps of Hector cold;
So thoſe which whilom wont with pallid cheeks
The Roman triumphs' glory to behold,
Now on theſe aſhie tombs ſhew boldneſs vain,
And, conquer'd, dare the conquerour diſdain.

XV.

Ye pallid Spirits! and ye aſhie Ghoſts!
Which ioyning in the brightneſs of your day,
Brought forth thoſe ſigns of your preſumptuous boaſts,
Which now their duſty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye Spirits! (ſith the darkſom river
Of Styx, not paſſable to ſouls returning,
Encloſing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Do not reſtrain your images ſtill mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps ſome one of you
Yet here above him ſecretly doth hide)
Do ye not feel your torments to accrew,
When ye ſometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of theſe old Roman works, built with your hands,
Now to become nought elſe but heaped ſands?

XVI.

Like as ye ſee the wrathful ſea from far
In a great mountain heapt with hideous noyſe,
Eftſoons of thouſand billows ſhouldred nar,
Againſt a rock to break with dreadful poyſe;
Like as ye ſee fell Boreas with ſharp blaſt
Toſſing huge tempeſts through the troubled ſky,
Eftſoons having his wide wings ſpent in waſt,
To ſtop his weary cariere ſuddenly;
And as ye ſee huge flames ſpread diverſly,
Gather'd in one up to the heavens to ſpire,
Eftſoons conſum'd to fall down feebily;
So whylom did this monarchy aſpire
As waves, as wind, as fire, ſpread over all,
Till it by fatal doom adown did fall.

XVII.

So long as Jove's great bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not fear of that preſumptuous might
With which the gyants did the gods aſſay;
But all ſo ſoon as ſcorching ſun had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to overſpred,
The earth out of the maſſie womb forth ſent
That antique horror which made heaven adred.
Then was the German Raven in diſguiſe,
That Roman Eagle ſeen to cleave aſunder,
And towards heaven freſhly to ariſe
Out of theſe mountains, now conſum'd to powder,
In which the fowl that ſerves to bear the lightning
Is now no more ſeen flying nor alightning.

XVIII.

Theſe heaps of ſtones, theſe old walls which ye ſee,
Were firſt encloſures but of ſalvage ſoil,
And theſe brave palaces, which maiſtred be
Of Time, were ſhepherds' cottages ſomewhile:
Then took the ſhepherds kingly ornaments,
And the ſtout hynd arm'd his right hand with ſteel;
Eftſoons their rule of yearly preſidents
Grew great, and ſix months greater a great deal,
Which made perpetual, roſe to ſo great might,
That thence th' Imperial Eagle rooting took,
Till th' heaven it ſelf oppoſing 'gainſt her might,
Her power to Peter's ſucceſſor betook,
Who ſhepherd-like (as Fates the ſame foreſeeing)
Doth ſhew that all things turn to their firſt being.

XIX.

All that is perfect which th' heaven beautifies,
All that's imperfect, born below the moon,
All that doth feed our ſpirits and our eyes,
And all that doth conſume our pleaſures ſoon;
All the miſhap the which our days outwears,
All the good hap of th' oldeſt times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great anceſters,
Like a Pandora, locked long in ſtore:
But Deſtiny this huge chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evil was encloſed,
Their heavenly vertues from theſe woes aſſoyling,
Carried to heaven, from ſinful bondage looſed:
But their great ſins, the cauſers of their pain,
Under theſe antique ruines yet remain.

XX.

No otherwiſe than rainy cloud, firſt fed
With earthly vapours gather'd in the air,
Eftſoons in compaſs arch'd, to ſteep his hed,
Doth plonge himſelf in Thetys' boſom fair,
And mounting up again from whence he came,
With his great belly ſpreds the dimmed world,
Till at the laſt, diſſolving his moiſt frame
In rain, or ſnow, or hail, he forth is horld:
This city, which was firſt but ſhepherd's ſhade,
Upriſing by degrees, grew to ſuch height,
That queen of land and ſea her ſelf ſhe made:
At laſt, not able to bear ſo great weight,
Her power diſperſt through all the world did vade,
To ſhew that all in th' end to nought ſhall fade.

XXI.

The ſame which Pyrrhus, and the puiſſance
Of Africk could not tame, that ſame brave city
Which, with ſtout courage arm'd againſt miſchance,
Suſtain'd the ſhock of common enmity,
Long as her ſhip toſt with ſo many freaks,
Had all the world in arms againſt her bent,
Was never ſeen that any fortune's wreaks
Could break her courſe, begun with brave intent;
But when the object of her vertue fail'd,
Her power it ſelf againſt it ſelf did arm:
As he that having long in tempeſt ſail'd,
Fain would arrive, but cannot for the ſtorm,
If too great wind againſt the port him drive,
Doth in the port it ſelf his veſſel rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa and Byze,
With Thames' inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which ſee the dawning day ariſe,
Her nourſlings did with mutinous uprore
Hearten againſt her ſelf, her conquer'd ſpoil,
Which ſhe had won from all the world afore,
Of all the world was ſpoil'd within a while;
So when the compaſs'd courſe of th' univerſe
In ſix and thirty thouſand years is run,
The bands of th' elements ſhall back reverſe
To their firſt diſcord, and be quite undone:
The ſeeds, of which all things at firſt were bred,
Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid.

XXIII.

O wary wiſdom of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from ſpoil ſhould be forborn!
To th' end that his victorious people ſhould
With cankring leiſure not be overworn!
He well foreſaw how that the Roman courage,
Impatient of pleaſure's faint deſires,
Through idleneſs would turn to civil rage,
And be her ſelf the matter of her fires:
For in a people given all to eaſe,
Ambition is engendred eaſily;
As in a vicious body groſs diſeaſe
Soon grows through humour's ſuperfluity.
That came to paſs when, ſwoln with plenty's pride,
Nor prince, nor peer, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blind fury which wars breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equal beaſts,
Whether they fare on foot or fly aloſt,
Or armed be with claws or ſcaly creaſts,
What fell Erynnis with hot burning tongs,
Did gripe your hearts with noiſom rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruel wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romans!) your hard deſtiny,
Or ſome old ſin, whoſe unappeaſed guilt
Pour'd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers' blood, the which at firſt was ſpilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the ſame to ſet foundation ſure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian poet's harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal ſhade
Thoſe antique Cæſars, ſleeping long in dark,
The which this ancient city whilom made!
Or that I had Amphion's inſtrument,
To quicken with his vital notes' accord
The ſtony joints of theſe old walls now rent,
By which th' Auſonian light might be reſtor'd;
Or that at leaſt I could with penſil fine
Faſhion the pourtraicts of theſe palaces,
By pattern of great Virgil's ſpirit divine;
I would aſſay with that which in me is,
To build with level of my lofty ſtile,
That which no hands can ever more compile.

XXVI.

Who liſt the Roman greatneſs forth to figure,
Him needeth not to ſeek for uſage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquare, to meaſure
Her length, her breadth, her deepneſs, or her hight;
But him behooves to view in compaſs round
All that the Ocean graſps in his long arms,
Be it where th' yearly ſtar doth ſcorch the ground,
Or where cold Boreas blows his bitter ſtorms.
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names do equalize,
When land and ſea ye name, then name ye Rome,
And naming Rome ye land and ſea comprize!
For th' ancient plot of Rome, diſplayed plain
The map of all the wide world doth contain.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome aſtoniſh'd doſt behold
The antique pride which menaced the ſky,
Theſe haughty heaps, theſe palaces of old,
Theſe walls, theſe arks, theſe baths, theſe temples hie,
Judge by theſe ample Ruins' view the reſt
The which injurious Time hath quite outworn,
Since of all workmen held in reckning beſt,
Yet theſe old fragments are for patterns born :
Then alſo mark how Rome from day to day,
Repairing her decayed faſhion
Renews her ſelf with buildings rich and gay,
That one would judge that the Roman dæmon
Doth yet himſelf with fatal hand enforce,
Again on foot to rear her pouldred corſe.

XXVIII.

He that hath ſeen a great oak dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of ſome trophees old,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
Whoſe foot on ground hath left but feeble hold,
But half diſbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed roots and naked arms,
And on her trunk, all rotten and unſound,
Only ſupports her ſelf for meat of worms,
And though ſhe owe her fall to the firſt wind,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And many young plants ſpring out of her rind;
Who ſuch an oak hath ſeen, let him record
That ſuch this city's honour was of yore,
And 'mongſt all cities flouriſhed much more.

XXIX.

All that which Egypt whilom did deviſe,
All that which Greece their temples to embrave,
After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guiſe,
Or Corinth, ſkill'd in curious works to grave:
All that Lyſippus' practick art could form,
Apelles' wit, or Phidias his ſkill,
Was wont this ancient city to adorn,
And heaven it ſelf with her wide wonders fill:
All that which Athens ever brought forth wiſe,
All that which Africk ever brought forth ſtrange,
All that which Aſia ever had of priſe,
Was here to ſee. O marvailous great change!
Rome living was the world's ſole ornament,
And dead, is now the world's ſole moniment!

XXX.

Like as the ſeeded field green graſs firſt ſhows,
Then from green graſs into a ſtalk doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalk into an ear forth grows,
Which ear the fruitful grain doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the huſband mows
The waving locks of thoſe fair yellow hairs,
Which bound in ſheaves, and laid in comely rows,
Upon the naked fields in ſtacks he rears;
So grew the Roman empire by degree,
Till that barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe old marks to ſee,
Of which all paſſers-by do ſomewhat pill;
As they which glean, the reliques uſe to gather
Which th' huſbandman behind him chanſt to ſcatter.

XXXI.

That ſame is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this world's pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoever dooſt abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
Ne Africk thereof guilty is, nor Spain,
Nor the bold people by the Thamis' brinks,
Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemain,
Nor the born ſouldier which Rhine running drinks:
Thou only cauſe, O civil Fury! art,
Which ſowing in th' Æmathian fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arm thy hand againſt thy proper heart,
To th' end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight
To greatneſs grown, through long proſperity,
Thou then adown might'ſt fall more horribly.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verſes! that poſterity
Of age enſuing ſhall you ever read?
Hope ye that ever immortality
So mean harp's work may challenge for her meed?
If under heaven any endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble do appear,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'leſs my lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,
Ceaſe not to ſound theſe old antiquities,
For if that Time do let thy glory live,
Well may'ſt thou boaſt, how ever baſe thou be,
That thou art firſt which of thy nation ſong
Th' old honour of the people gowned long.

L'ENVOY.

Bellay! firſt garland of free poeſy
That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits,
Well worthy thou of immortallity,
That long haſt travel'd by thy learned writs,
Old Rome out of her aſhes to revive,
And give a ſecond life to dead decays;
Needs muſt he all eternity ſurvive,
That can to other give eternal days.
Thy days, therefore, are endleſs, and thy praiſe
Excelling all that ever went before;
And after thee 'gins Bartas hie to raiſe
His heavenly Muſe, th' Almighty to adore.
Live, happy Spirits! th' honour of your name
And fill the world with never-dying fame.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

To the right noble and beautiful lady,

MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROOK.

MOST honourable and bountiful Lady, there be long ſithens deep ſowed in my breaſt the ſeeds of moſt entire love and humble affection unto that moſt brave knight, your noble brother, deceaſed, which taking root, began in his life-time ſomewhat to bud forth, and to ſhew themſelves to him, as then in the weakneſs of their firſt ſpring, and would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed high God till then to draw out his days) ſpired forth fruit of more perfection. But ſince God hath diſdeigned the world of that moſt noble ſpirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the patron of my young Muſes, together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſoms nipped and quite dead: yet ſithens my late coming into England, ſome friends of mine, (which might much prevail with me, and indeed command me) knowing with how ſtraight bands of duty I was tyed to him, and alſo bound unto that noble houſe, (of which the chief hope then reſted in him) have ſought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not ſhewed any thankful remembrance towards him, or any of them, but ſuffer their names to ſleep in ſilence and forgetfulneſs: whom chiefly to ſatisfy, or elſe to avoid that foul blot of unthankfulneſs, I have con-

ceived this ſmall Poem, intituled by a general name of The World's Ruines; yet ſpecially intended to the renowning of that noble race from which both you and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chief of them late deceaſed: the which I dedicate unto your Ladyſhip, as whom it moſt ſpecially concerneth, and to whom I acknowledg my ſelf bounden by many ſingular favours and great graces. I pray for your honourable happineſs, and ſo humbly kiſs your hands.

Your Ladyſhip's ever

humbly at command,

EDMUND SPENSER.

It chaunced me one day beſide the ſhore
Of ſilver ſtreaming Thameſis to be,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame ſtood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to ſee,
By which the traveller that fares that way
This once was ſhe may warned be to ſay.

There on the other ſide I did behold
A woman ſitting ſorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wiry gold,
About her ſhoulders careleſly down trailing,
And ſtreams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing;
In her right hand a broken rod ſhe held,
Which towards heaven ſhe ſeem'd on high to weld.

Whether ſhe were one of that river's nymphs,
Which did the loſs of ſome dear love lament,
I doubt, or one of thoſe three fatal imps
Which draw the days of men forth in extent,
Or th' ancient Genius of that city brent;
But ſeeing her ſo piteouſly perplexed,
I (to her calling) aſk'd what her ſo vexed?

" Ah! what delight (quoth ſhe) in earthly thing,
" Or comfort, can I, wretched Creature! have?
" Whoſe happineſs the Heavens envying,
" From higheſt ſtair to loweſt ſtep me drave,
" And have in mine own bowels made my grave;
" That of all nations now I am forlorn,
" The world's ſad ſpectacle, and Fortune's ſcorn."

Much was I moved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my breaſt,
With tender ruth to ſee her ſore conſtraint,
That ſhedding tears awhile, I ſtill did reſt,
And after did her name of her requeſt:
" Name have I none, (quoth ſhe) nor any being,
" Bereft of both by Fate's unjuſt decreeing.

" I was that city which the garland wore
" Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
" By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
" Though nought at all but ruines now I be,
" And lie in mine own aſhes, as ye ſee:
" Verlame I was; what boots it that I was,
" Sith now I am but weeds and waſteful graſs?

" O vain world's glory, and unſtedfaſt ſtate
" Of all that lives on face of ſinful earth!
" Which from their firſt until their utmoſt date
" Taſte no one hour of happineſs or mirth,
" But like as at the ingate of their birth,
" They crying creep out of their mother's womb,
" So wailing back go to their woeful tomb.

" Why then doth fleſh, a bubble-glaſs of breath,
" Hunt after honour and advauncement vain,
" And rear a trophee for devouring Death,
" With ſo great labour and long-laſting pain,
" As if his days for ever ſhould remain?
" Sith all that in this world is great or gay
" Doth as a vapour vaniſh and decay.

"Look back who liſt unto the former ages,
"And call to count what is of them become,
"Where be thoſe learned wits and antique ſages
"Which of all wiſdom knew the perfect ſum?
"Where thoſe great warriors which did overcome
"The world with conqueſt of their might and main,
"And made one mear of th' earth and of their reign?

"What now is of th' Aſſyrian Lioneſs,
"Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
"What of the Perſian Bear's outrageouſneſs,
"Whoſe memory is quite worn out with years?
"Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
"That over-ran the Eaſt with greedy powre,
"And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

"And where is that ſame great Seven-headed beaſt,
"That made all nations vaſſals of her pride,
"To fall before her feet at her beheaſt,
"And in the neck of all the world did ride?
"Where doth ſhe all that wondrous wealth now hide?
"With her own weight down preſſed now ſhe lies,
"And by her heaps her hugeneſs teſtifies.

"O Rome! thy ruin I lament and rue,
"And in thy fall my fatal overthrow,
"That whilom was, whilſt Heavens with equal view
"Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts beſtow,
"The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhow;
"And of the whole world as thou waſt the empreſs,
"So I of this ſmall northern world was princeſs.

" To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
" Adorn'd with pureſt gold and precious ſtone;
" To tell my riches and endowments rare,
" That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone;
" To tell my forces, matchable to none,
" Were but loſt labour, that few would believe,
" And with rehearſing would me more agrieve.

" High towers, fair temples, goodly theaters,
" Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
" Large ſtreets, brave houſes, ſacred ſepulchers,
" Sure gates, ſweet gardens, ſtately galleries,
" Wrought with fair pillors and fine imageries;
" All thoſe (O pity!) now are turn'd to duſt,
" And overgrown with black oblivion's ruſt.

" Thereto for warlike power and people's ſtore,
" In Britanny was none to match with me,
" That many often did aby full ſore;
" Ne Troynovant, though elder ſiſter ſhe,
" With my great forces may compared be;
" That ſtout Pendragon to his peril felt,
" Who in a ſiege ſeven years about me dwelt.

" But long e'er this Bunduca, Britonneſs,
" Her mighty hoaſt againſt my bulwarks brought;
" Bunduca! that victorious conquereſs,
" That lifting up her brave heroick thought
" 'Bove women's weakneſs, with the Romans fought,
" Fought, and in field againſt them thrice prevailed;
" Yet was ſhe foil'd whenas ſhe me aſſailed.

" And though at laſt by force I conquer'd were
" Of hardy Saxons, and became their thrall,
" Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full dear,
" And priz'd with ſlaughter of their general,
" The monument of whoſe ſad funeral,
" For wonder of the world, long in me laſted,
" But now to nought through ſpoil of time is waſted.

" Waſted it is, as if it never were,
" And all the reſt, that me ſo honour'd made,
" And of the world admired every where,
" Is turn'd to ſmoak, that doth to nothing fade,
" And of that brightneſs now appears no ſhade,
" But grieſly ſhades, ſuch as do haunt in hell,
" With fearful fiends, that in deep darkneſs dwell.

" Where my high ſteeples whilom us'd to ſtand,
" On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,
" There now is but an heap of lime and ſand,
" For the ſkriech-owl to build her baleful bowre;
" And where the nightingale wont forth to pour
" Her reſtleſs plaints, to comfort wakeful lovers,
" There now haunt yelling mews and whining plovers.

" And where the chryſtal Thamis wont to ſlide
" In ſilver channel down along the lee,
" About whoſe flowry banks on either ſide
" A thouſand nymphs, with mirthful jollitee,
" Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
" There now no river's courſe is to be ſeen,
" But mooriſh fens, and mariſhes ever green.

" Seems that the gentle river, for great grief
" Of my miſhap, which oft I to him plained,
" Or for to ſhun the horrible miſchief
" With which he ſaw my cruel foes me pained,
" And his pure ſtreams with guiltleſs blood oft ſtained,
" From my unhappy neighbourhood far fled,
" And his ſweet waters away with him led.

" There alſo where the winged ſhips were ſeen
" In liquid waves to cut their foamy way,
" And thouſand fiſhers numbred to have been
" In that wide lake, looking for plenteous prey
" Of fiſh, which they with baits us'd to betray,
" Is now no lake, nor any fiſher's ſtore,
" Nor ever ſhip ſhall ſail there any more.

" They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
" Ne ought to me remains but to lament
" My long decay, which no man elſe doth mone,
" And mourn my fall with doleful dreriment.
" Yet is it comfort in great languiſhment,
" To be bemoned with compaſſion kind,
" And mitigates the anguiſh of the mind.

" But me no man bewaileth but in game,
" Ne ſheddeth tears from lamentable eye,
" Nor any lives that mentioneth my name
" To be remembred of poſterity,
" Save one, that maugre Fortune's injury,
" And Time's decay, and Envy's cruel tort,
" Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

"Cambden! the nourice of Antiquity,
"And lanthorn unto late succeeding age,
"To see the light of simple verity,
"Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
"Of her own people, led with warlike rage;
"Cambden! though time all monuments obscure,
"Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

"But why (unhappy Wight!) do I thus cry,
"And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
"Out of the knowledge of posterity,
"And all my antique monuments defaced?
"Sith I do daily see things highest placed,
"So soon as Fates their vital thred have shorn,
"Forgotten quite, as they were never born.

"It is not long since these two eyes beheld
"A mighty prince, of most renowned race,
"Whom England high in count of honour held,
"And greatest ones did sue to gain his grace;
"Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
"Sate in the bosom of his sovereign,
"And, right and loyal, did his word maintain.

"I saw him die, I saw him die as one
"Of the mean people, and brought forth on bier;
"I saw him die, and no man left to mone
"His doleful fate, that late him loved dear;
"Scarce any left to close his eye-lids near;
"Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
"The sacred sod, or *requiem* to say.

“ O truſtleſs ſtate of miſerable men,
“ That build your bliſs on hope of earthly thing,
“ And vainly think your ſelves half happy then,
“ When painted faces, with ſmooth flattering,
“ Do fawn on you, and your wide praiſes ſing!
“ And when the courting maſker louteth low,
“ Him true in heart and truſty to you trow!

“ All is but feigned, and with oaker dide,
“ That every ſhower will waſh and wipe away:
“ All things do change that under heaven abide,
“ And after death all friendſhip doth decay;
“ Therefore what-ever man bearſt worldly ſway,
“ Living, on God and on thy ſelf rely,
“ For when thou dieſt all ſhall with thee die.

“ He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
“ Save what in heaven's ſtorehouſe he uplaid;
“ His hope is fail'd, and come to paſs his dread,
“ And evil men (now dead) his deeds upbraid:
“ Spight bites the dead, that living never baid.
“ He now is gone, the whiles the fox is crept
“ Into the hole the which the badger ſwept.

“ He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
“ And all his greatneſs vapoured to nought,
“ That as a glaſs upon the water ſhone,
“ Which vaniſht quite ſo ſoon as it was ſought:
“ His name is worn already out of thought,
“ Ne any poet ſeeks him to revive,
“ Yet many poets honour'd him alive.

" Ne doth his Colin, careleſs Colin Clout,
" Care now his idle bagpipe up to raiſe!
" Ne tell his ſorrow to the liſtning rout
" Of ſhepherd grooms, which wont his ſongs to praiſe:
" Praiſe whoſo liſt, yet I will him diſpraiſe,
" Until he quit him of this guilty blame:
" Wake, ſhepherd's Boy, at length awake for ſhame.

" And whoſo elſe did goodneſs by him gain,
" And whoſo elſe his bounteous mind did try,
" Whether he ſhepherd be or ſhepherd's ſwain,
" (For many did, which do it now deny)
" Awake, and to his ſong a part apply:
" And I, the whilſt you mourn for his deceaſe,
" Will with my mourning plaint your plaint increaſe.

" He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
" His brother prince, his brother noble peer,
" That whilſt he lived was of none envyde,
" And dead is now, as living, counted dear,
" Dear unto all that true affection bear;
" But unto thee moſt dear, O deareſt Dame!
" His noble ſpouſe, and paragon of fame.

" He, whilſt he lived, happy was through thee,
" And being dead, is happy now much more;
" Living, that linked chaunſt with thee to be,
" And dead, becauſe him dead thou doſt adore
" As living, and thy loſt dear love deplore:
" So whilſt that thou, fair Flower of Chaſtity!
" Doſt live, by thee thy lord ſhall never die.

“ Thy lord ſhall never die, the whiles this verſe
“ Shall live, and ſurely it ſhall live for ever;
“ For ever it ſhall live, and ſhall rehearſe
“ His worthy praiſe, and vertues dying never,
“ Though death his ſoul do from his body ſever:
“ And thou thy ſelf herein ſhalt alſo live,
“ Such grace the heavens do to my verſes give.

“ Ne ſhall his ſiſter, ne thy father die;
“ Thy father, that good earl of rare renown,
“ And noble patron of weak poverty!
“ Whoſe great good deeds in country and in town
“ Have purchaſt him in heaven a happy crown,
“ Where he now liveth in eternal bliſs,
“ And left his ſon t'enſue thoſe ſteps of his.

“ He, noble Bud! his grandſire's lively heir,
“ Under the ſhadow of thy countenance
“ Now gins to ſhoot up faſt, and flouriſh fair
“ In learned arts and goodly governance,
“ That him to higheſt honour ſhall advance.
“ Brave Imp of Bedford! grow apace in bounty,
“ And count of wiſdom more than of thy county.

“ Ne may I let thy huſband's ſiſter die,
“ That goodly lady, ſith ſhe eke did ſpring
“ Out of this ſtock and famous family,
“ Whoſe praiſes I to future age do ſing,
“ And forth out of her happy womb did bring
“ The ſacred brood of learning and all honour,
“ In whom the heavens pour'd all their gifts upon her.

Moſt gentle ſpirit breathed from above,
" Out of the boſom of the Maker's bliſs,
" In whom all bounty and all vertuous love
" Appeared in their native propertis,
" And did enrich that noble breaſt of his
" With treaſure paſſing all this worldes worth,
" Worthy of heaven it ſelf, which brought it forth.

" His bleſſed ſpirit, full of power divine,
" And influence of all celeſtial grace,
" Loathing this ſinful earth and earthly ſlime,
" Fled back too ſoon unto his native place;
" Too ſoon for all that did his love embrace;
" Too ſoon for all this wretched world, whom he
" Robb'd of all right and true nobility.

" Yet ere his happy ſoul to heaven went
" Out of this fleſhly goal, he did deviſe
" Unto his heavenly Maker to preſent
" His body as a ſpotleſs ſacrifice,
" And choſe that guilty hands of enemies
" Should pour forth th' off'ring of his guiltleſs blood;
" So life exchanging for his country's good.

" O noble Spirit! live there ever bleſſed,
" The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new joy;
" Live ever there, and leave me here diſtreſſed
" With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy:
" But where thou dooſt that happineſs enjoy,
" Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
" That happy there I may thee always ſee!

Yet whilst the Fates afford me vital breath,
" I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
" And sing to thee until that timely death
" By Heaven's doom do end my earthly days:
" Thereto do thou my humble spirit raise,
" And into me that sacred breath inspire
" Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

" Then will I sing; but who can better sing
" Than thine own sister, peerless lady bright!
" Which to thee sings with deep heart's sorrowing,
" Sorrowing tempered with dear delight?
" That her to hear I feel my feeble spright
" Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy;
" O sad joy, made of mourning and anoy!

" Yet will I sing: but who can better sing
" Than thou thy self, thine one self's valiance,
" That whilst thou livedst madest the forests ring,
" And fields resound, and flocks to leap and dance,
" And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischance,
" To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to hear?
" O happy were those days! thrice happy were.

" But now more happy thou, and wretched we,
" Which want the wonted sweetness of thy voice,
" Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
" With Orpheus, with Linus, and the choice
" Of all that ever did in times rejoyce,
" Conversest, and doost hear their heavenly lays,
" And they hear thine, and thine do better praise.

"So there thou liveſt, ſinging evermore,
"And here thou liveſt, being ever ſong
"Of us which living loved thee afore,
"And now thee worſhip mongſt that bleſſed throng
"Of heavenly poets and heroes ſtrong:
"So thou both here and there immortal art,
"And every where through excellent deſart.

"But ſuch as neither of themſelves can ſing,
"Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
"Die in obſcure oblivion, as the thing
"Which never was, ne ever with regard
"Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
"But ſhall in ruſty darkneſs ever lie,
"Unleſs they mention'd be with infamy.

"What booteth it to have been rich alive?
"What to be great? what to be gracious?
"When after death no token doth ſurvive
"Of former being in this mortal houſe,
"But ſleeps in duſt dead and inglorious?
"Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrils is,
"And hath not hope of happineſs or bliſs.

"How many great ones may remembred be
"Which in their days moſt famouſly did flouriſh,
"Of whom no word we hear, nor ſign now ſee,
"But as things wip'd out with a ſpunge do periſh,
"Becauſe they living cared not to cheriſh
"No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
"Which might their names for ever memorize?

"Provide, therefore, (ye Princes!) whilſt ye live,
"That of the Muſes ye may friended be,
"Which unto men eternity do give;
"For they be daughters of Dame Memory
"And Jove, the father of Eternity,
"And do thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
"Whoſe merits they to glorify do choſe.

"The ſeven-fold yron gates of griſly hell,
"And horrid houſe of ſad Proſerpina,
"They able are with power of mighty ſpell
"To break, and thence the ſouls to bring away
"Out of drad darkneſs to eternal day,
"And then immortal make which elſe would die
"In foul forgetfulneſs, and nameleſs lie.

"So whylom raiſed they the puiſſant brood
"Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit,
"Out of the duſt to which the Oetæan wood
"Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vital ſpirit
"To higheſt heaven, where now he doth inherit
"All happineſs in Hebe's ſilver bow'r,
"Choſen to be her deareſt paramour.

"So rais'd they eke fair Leda's warlike Twins,
"And interchanged life unto them lent,
"That when th' one dies, th' other then begins
"To ſhew in heaven his brightneſs orient;
"And they, for pity of the ſad wayment
"Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
"Her back again to life ſent for his ſake.

"So happy are they, and ſo fortunate,
"Whom the Pierian ſacred Siſters love,
"That freed from bands of impacable fate,
"And powre of death, they live for ay above,
"Where mortal wreaks their bliſs may not remove,
"But with the gods, for former vertue's meed,
"On nectar and ambroſia do feed.

"For deeds do die, however nobly done,
"And thoughts of men do in themſelves decay,
"But wiſe words, taught in numbers for to run,
"Recorded by the Muſes, live for ay,
"Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away;
"Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful blaſt,
"Nor age, nor envy, ſhall them ever waſt.

"In vain do earthly princes then, in vain,
"Seek with pyramides to heaven aſpired,
"Or huge coloſſes built with coſtly pain,
"Or braſen pillows never to be fired,
"Or ſhrines made of the metal moſt deſired,
"To make their memories for ever live;
"For how can mortal immortality give?

"Such one Mauſolus made, the world's great wonder,
"But now no remnant doth thereof remain;
"Such one Marcellus, but was torn with thunder;
"Such one Liſippus, but is worn with rain;
"Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gain.
"All ſuch vain monuments of earthly maſs,
"Devour'd of Time, in time to nought do paſs.

" But Fame with golden wings aloft doth fly
" Above the reach of ruinous decay,
" And with brave plumes doth beat the azure ſky,
" Admir'd of baſe-born men from far away;
" Then whoſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
" To mount to heaven, on Pegaſus muſt ride,
" And with ſweet poets' verſe be glorifide.

" For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
" Could ſave the ſon of Thetis from to die,
" But that blind bard did him immortal make
" With verſes dipt in dew of Caſtalie,
" Which made the Eaſtern conquerour to cry
" O fortunate young Man! whoſe vertue found
" So brave a tromp thy noble acts to ſound.

" Therefore in this half happy I do read
" Good Melibæ, that hath a poet got
" To ſing his living praiſes being dead,
" Deſerving never here to be forgot,
" In ſpight of Envy, that his deeds would ſpot;
" Since whoſe deceaſe learning lies unregarded,
" And men of arms do wander unrewarded.

" Theſe two be thoſe two great calamities
" That long ago did grieve the noble ſpright
" Of Salomon with great indignities,
" Who whilom was alive the wiſeſt wight;
" But now his wiſdom is diſproved quight;
" For he that now welds all things at his will,
" Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper ſkill.

“ O grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
“ To ſee that vertue ſhould deſpiſed be
“ Of ſuch as firſt were rais'd for vertuous parts,
“ And now broad ſpreading like an aged tree,
“ Let none ſhoot up that nigh them planted be:
“ O! let not thoſe of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
“ Alive nor dead, be of the Muſe adorned!

“ O vile world's truſt, that with ſuch vain illuſion
“ Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht and overkeſt,
“ That they ſee not the way of their confuſion!
“ O vainneſs to be added to the reſt,
“ That doth my ſoul with inward grief infeſt!
“ Let them behold the piteous fall of me,
“ And in my caſe their own enſample ſee.

“ And whoſo elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeat
“ Of this world's glory, worſhipped of all,
“ Ne feareth change of time nor Fortune's threat,
“ Let him behold the horror of my fall,
“ And his own end unto remembrance call,
“ That of like ruine he may warned be,
“ And in himſelf be mov'd to pity me.”

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
With doleful ſhrieks ſhe vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrow wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deep diſmay
For her departure, had no word to ſay,
But ſate long time in ſenſleſs ſad affright,
Looking ſtill if I might of her have ſight.

Which when I miſſed, having looked long,
My thought returned grieved home again,
Renewing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame woman's piteous pain;
Whoſe words recording in my troubled brain,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble heart,
That frozen horror ran through every part.

So inly grieving in my groaning breaſt,
And deeply muſing at her doubtful ſpeech,
Whoſe meaning much I laboured forth to wreſt,
Being above my ſlender reaſon's reach,
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eyes ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragick pageants ſeeming to appear.

I.

I ſaw an Image all of maſſie gold,
Placed on high upon an altar fair,
That all which did the ſame from far behold,
Might worſhip it, and fall on loweſt ſtair:
Not that great idol might with this compare,
To which th'Aſſyrian tyrant would have made
The holy brethren falſly to have praid.

But th' altar on the which this Image ſtaid,
Was (O great pity!) built of brittle clay,
That ſhortly the foundation decaid,
With ſhow'rs of heaven and tempeſt worn away;
Then down it fell, and low in aſhes lay,
Scorned of every one which by it went,
That I it ſeeing dearly did lament.

II.

Next unto this a ſtately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richeſt ſtone that might be found,
And nigh vnto the heavens in height uprear'd,
But placed on a plot of ſandy ground:
Not that great towre which is ſo much renown'd
For tongues' confuſion in Holy Writ,
King Ninus' work, might be compar'd to it.

But, O vain labours of terreſtrial wit,
That builds ſo ſtrongly on ſo frail a ſoil,
As with each ſtorm does fall away and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travail's toil
To be the prey of Time and Fortune's ſpoil!
I ſaw this Towre fall ſuddenly to duſt,
That nigh with grief thereof my heart was bruſt.

III.

Then did I ſee a pleaſant Paradiſe,
Full of ſweet flowres and daintieſt delights,
Such as on earth man could not more deviſe,
With pleaſures choice to feed his chearful ſprights:
Not that which Merlin by his magick ſlights
Made for the gentle ſquire to entertain
His fair Belphœbe, could this garden ſtain.

But O ſhort pleaſure, bought with laſting pain!
Why will hereafter any fleſh delight
In earthly bliſs, and joy in pleaſures vain?
Since that I ſaw this Garden waſted quight,
That where it was ſcarce ſeemed any ſight,
That I, which once that beauty did behold,
Could not from tears my melting eyes with-hold.

IV.

Soon after this a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre and of exceeding ſtature,
That none durſt view the horror of his face,
Yet was he mild of ſpeech and meek of nature:
Not he which in deſpight of his Creatour
With railing terms defy'd the Jewiſh hoaſt,
Might with this mighty one in hugeneſs boaſt.

For from the one he could to th' other coaſt
Stretch his ſtrong thighs, and th' ocean overſtride,
And reach his hand into his enemies' hoaſt:
But ſee the end of pomp and fleſhly pride!
One of his feet unwares from him did ſlide,
That down he fell into the deep abyſs,
Where dround with him is all his earthly bliſs.

V.

Then did I ſee a Bridge, made all of gold,
Over the ſea from one to th' other ſide,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' uphold,
But like the coloured rainbow arched wide:
Not that great arch which Trajan edifide,
To be a wonder to all age enſuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.

But (ah!) what boots it to ſee earthly thing
In glory or in greatneſs to excel,
Sith time doth greateſt things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foot not faſtned well,
'Gan fail, and all the reſt down ſhortly fell;
Ne of ſo brave a building ought remained,
That grief thereof my ſpirit greatly pained.

VI.

I ſaw two Bears, as white as any milk,
Lying together in a mighty cave,
Of mild aſpect, and hair as ſoft as ſilk,
That ſalvage nature ſeemed not to have,
Nor after greedy ſpoil of blood to crave:
Two fairer beaſts might not elſe-where be found,
Although the compaſt world were ſought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In ſtate of bliſs, or ſtedfaſt happineſs?
The cave, in which theſe Bears lay ſleeping ſound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightineſs,
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppreſs,
That for great ſorrow of their ſudden fate
Henceforth all world's felicity I hate.

Much was I troubled in my heavy ſpright
At ſight of theſe ſad ſpectacles forepaſt,
That all my ſenſes were bereaved quight,
And I in mind remained ſore agaſt,
Diſtraught 'twixt fear and pity; when at laſt
I heard a voice which loudly to me call'd,
That with the ſuddain ſhrill I was appall'd.

Behold, (ſaid it) and by enſample ſee
That all is vanity and grief of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can be
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclin'd,
For all the reſt muſt needs be left behind:
With that it bade me to the other ſide
To caſt mine eye, where other ſights I ſpide.

I.

Upon that famous river's further ſhore
There ſtood a ſnowy Swan, of heavenly hue
And gentle kind, as ever fowl afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view;
There he moſt ſweetly ſung the prophecy
Of his own death in doleful elegy.

At laſt, when all his mourning melody
He ended had, that both the ſhores reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarn'd to die,
With lofty flight about the earth he bounded,
And out of ſight to higheſt heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly ſign;
There now the joy is his, here ſorrow mine.

II.

Whilſt thus I looked, loe adown the lee
I ſaw an Harp ſtrung all with ſilver twine,
And made of gold and coſtly ivory,
Swimming, that whilom ſeemed to have been
The harp on which Dan Orpheus was ſeen
Wild beaſts and forreſts after him to lead,
But was th' Harp of Philliſides now dead.

At length out of the river it was rear'd,
And borne about the clouds to be divin'd,
Whilſt all the way moſt heavenly noiſe was heard
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and ſorrow in my mind;

So now in heaven a ſign it doth appear,
The Harp, well known beſide the Northern Bear.

III.

Soon after this I ſaw on th'other ſide
A curious Coffer made of heben wood,
That in it did moſt precious treaſure hide,
Exceeding all this baſer worldes good;
Yet through the o'erflowing of the flood
It almoſt drowned was, and done to nought,
That ſight thereof much griev'd my penſive thought.

At length, when moſt in peril it was brought,
Two angels down deſcending with ſwift flight,
Out of the ſwelling ſtream it lightly caught,
And 'twixt their bleſſed arms it carried quight
Above the reach of any living ſight;
So now it is transform'd into that ſtar
In which all heavenly treaſures locked are.

IV.

Looking aſide, I ſaw a ſtately Bed,
Adorned all with coſtly cloth of gold,
That might for any prince's couch be red,
And deckt with dainty flowres, as if it ſhould
Be for ſome bride, her joyous night to hold;
Therein a goodly virgin ſleeping lay,
A fairer wight ſaw never ſummer's-day.

I heard a voice that called far away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
For loe her bridegroom was in ready ray

To come to her, and ſeek her love's delight:
With that ſhe ſtarted up with cheerful ſight,
When ſuddenly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in langour left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd upon a winged ſteed,
The ſame that bred was of Meduſa's blood,
On which Dan Perſeus, born of heavenly ſeed,
The fair Andromeda from peril freed;
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That ſtreams of blood forth flowed on the graſs.

Yet was he deckt (ſmall joy to him, alas!)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich ſpoils, which late he did purchaſe
Through brave atchievements from his enemies;
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He ſmote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heaven bore,
And left me here his loſs for to deplore.

VI.

Laſtly, I ſaw an Ark of pureſt gold
Upon a brazen pillour ſtanding high,
Which th' aſhes ſeemed of a great prince to hold,
Enclos'd therein for endleſs memory
Of him whom all the world did glorify;
Seemed the heavens with th' earth did diſagree
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper be.

At laſt, me ſeem'd wing-footed Mercury,
From heaven deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The Ark did bear with him above the ſky,
And to thoſe aſhes gave a ſecond life,
To live in heaven, where happineſs is rife;
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

L' ENVOY.

Immortal Spirit of Philliſides!
Which now art made the heaven's ornament,
That whilom waſt the world's chiefeſt riches,
Give leave to him that lov'd thee to lament
His loſs, by lack of thee to heaven hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighs, to deck thy ſable herſe.

And ye, fair Lady! th' honour of your days,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts ſcorn,
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe
With ſome few ſilver-dropping tears t' adorn;
And as ye be of heavenly off-ſpring born,
So unto heaven let your high mind aſpire,
And loath this droſs of ſinful world's deſire.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR,

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

To the right worthy and vertuous Lady,

THE LADY CAREY.

MOST brave and bountiful Lady! for ſo excellent favours as I have received at your ſweet hands, to offer theſe few leaves as in recompence, ſhould be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits; therefore I have determined to give my ſelf wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my ſelf, and abſolutely vowed to your ſervices, which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage to have the perſon yielded. My perſon I wot well how little worth it is; but the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your Ladyſhip, may perhaps be more of price, as may pleaſe you to account and uſe the poor ſervice thereof, which taketh glory to advance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to ſpend it ſelf in honouring you; not ſo much for your great bounty to my ſelf, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name or kindred ſake by you vouchſafed, being alſo regardable, as for that honourable name which ye have by your brave deſerts purchaſt to your ſelf, and ſpred in the mouths of all men; with which I have alſo preſumed to grace my verſes, and under your name to commend to the world this ſmall Poem; the which beſeeching your Ladyſhip to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciouſneſs to make a mild conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happineſs.

Your Ladyſhip's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

MUIOPOTMOS, &c.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd up through wrathful Nemeſis' deſpight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great eſtate,
Drawn into arms and proof of mortal fight
Through proud ambition and heart-ſwelling hate,
Whilſt neither could the other's greater might
And 'ſdainful ſcorn endure, that from ſmall jar
Their wraths at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect
Vouchſafe, O thou the mournful'ſt Muſe of Nine!
That wont'ſt the tragick ſtage for to direct
In funeral complaints and wailful tine,
Reveal to me, and all the means detect
Through which ſad Clarion did at laſt decline
To loweſt wretchedneſs. And is there then
Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men?

Of all the race of ſilver-winged flies
Which do poſſeſs the empire of the air,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure ſkies,
Was none more favorable nor more fair,
Whilſt Heaven did favour his felicities,
Than Clarion, the eldeſt ſon and heir
Of Muſcarol, and in his father's ſight
Of all alive did ſeem the faireſt wight.

With fruitful hope his aged breaſt he fed
Of future good, which his young toward years,
Full of brave courage and bold hardy-hed,
Above th' enſample of his equal peers,

Did largely promiſe, and to him fore-red
(Whilſt oft his heart did melt in tender tears)
That he in time would ſure prove ſuch an one
As ſhould be worthy of his father's throne.

The freſh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of luſtful youth began to kindle faſt,
Did much diſdain to ſubject his deſire
To loathſom ſloth, or hours in eaſe to waſte,
But joy'd to range abroad in freſh attire,
Through the wide compaſs of the airy coaſt,
And with unwearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned ſire:

For he ſo ſwift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the cryſtal ſky,
To view the workmanſhip of heaven's hight,
Whence down deſcending, he along would fly
Upon the ſtreaming rivers, ſport to find,
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a ſummer's-day, when ſeaſon mild
With gentle calm the world hath quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Aſcending, did his beams abroad diſſpred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures ſmil'd,
Young Clarion with vauntful luſtyhed
After his guiſe did caſt abroad to fare,
And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breaſt-plate firſt, that was of ſubſtance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That nought his life from iron death aſſure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound,
For it by art was framed to endure
The bit of baleful ſteel and bitter ſtound,
No leſs than that which Vulcane made to ſhield
Achille's life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his ſhoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of ſome wild beaſt, whom he
In ſalvage foreſt by adventure ſlew,
And reft the ſpoil, his ornament to be;
Which ſpreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him ſo horrible did ſee,
Think him Alcides with the lyon's ſkin,
When the Næmean conqueſt he did win.

Upon his head his gliſtering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiouſly engraven, he did ſet:
The metal was of rare and paſſing price;
Not Bilbo ſteel, nor braſs from Corinth fet,
Nor coſtly Oricalch from ſtrange Phœnice,
But ſuch as could both Phœbus' arrows ward,
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either ſide,
Like two ſharp ſpears, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine applide

To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them ſad death do hide;
So did this Fly outſtretch his fearful horns,
Yet ſo as him their terrour more adorns.

Laſtly, his ſhiny wings ,as ſilver bright,
Painted with thouſand colours, paſſing far
All painters' ſkill, he did about him dight:
Not half ſo many ſundry colours are
In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth ſhine ſo bright,
Diſtinguiſhed with many a twinkling ſtar,
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-ſpotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril ſpoken)
The archer god, the ſon of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped ſpoils of bleeding hearts to ſee,
Bears in his wings ſo many a changeful token.
Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought againſt thine honour I have told;
Yet ſure thoſe wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
Beholding them, him ſecretly envide,
And wiſht that two ſuch fans, ſo ſilken ſoft,
And golden fair, her love would her provide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would ſteal them privily away,
And bring to her ſo precious a prey.

Report is that Dame Venus, on a day
In ſpring, when flowres do cloath the fruitful ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphs to play,
Bade her fair damſels, flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array;
Emongſt the reſt a gentle nymph was found,
Hight Aſtery, excelling all the crew
In courteous uſage and unſtained hue;

Who being nimbler-jointed than the reſt,
And more induſtrious, gathered more ſtore
Of the field's honour than the others beſt,
Which they in ſecret hearts envying ſore,
Told Venus, when her as the worthieſt
She prais'd, that Cupid (as they heard before)
Did lend her ſecret aid in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddeſs gathering jealous fear,
Not yet unmindful how not long ago
Her ſon to Pſyche ſecret love did bear,
And long it cloſe conceal'd, till mickle wo
Thereof aroſe, and many a rueful tear,
Reaſon with ſudden rage did overgo,
And giving haſty credit to th' accuſer,
Was led away of them that did abuſe her.

Eftſoons that damſel by her heavenly might
She turn'd into a winged Butterfly,
In the wide air to make her wandring flight;
And all thoſe flowres, with which ſo plenteouſly

Her lap ſhe filled had, that bred her ſpight,
She placed in her wings, for memory
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were;
Since which that Fly them in her wings doth bear.

Thus the freſh Clarion being ready dight,
Unto his journey did himſelf addreſs,
And with good ſpeed began to take his flight:
Over the fields in his frank luſtineſs,
And all the champain o'er he ſoared light,
And all the country wide he did poſſeſs,
Feeding upon their pleaſures bounteouſly,
That none gainſaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he meaſured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unſeen,
Nor the rank graſſie fens' delights untride:
But none of theſe, however ſweet they been,
Mote pleaſe his fancy, nor him cauſe t' abide;
His choiceful ſenſe with every change doth flit;
No common things may pleaſe a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unſtaid deſire
Him wholly carried, to refreſh his ſprights;
There lavish Nature, in her beſt attire,
Pours forth ſweet odors and alluring ſights,
And Art, with her contending, doth aſpire
T' excel the natural with made delights;
And all that fair or pleaſant may be found
In riotous exceſs doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes ſurvey, with curious buſie eye,
Of every flower and herb there ſet in order;
Now this, now that, he taſteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth diſorder,
Ne with his feet their ſilken leaves deface,
But paſtures on the pleaſures of each place.

And evermore, with moſt variety,
And change of ſweetneſs (for all change is ſweet)
He caſts his glutton ſenſe to ſatisfie,
Now ſucking of the ſap of herbs moſt meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the ſame bathing his tender feet;
And then he pearcheth on ſome branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moiſt wings to dry.

And then again he turneth to his play,
To ſpoil the pleaſures of that paradiſe:
The wholſom ſage, and lavender ſtill gray,
Rank-ſmelling rue, and cummin, good for eyes,
The roſes reigning in the pride of May,
Sharp iſop, good for green wounds' remedies,
Fair marigolds, and bees-alluring thime,
Sweet marjoram, and daiſies decking prime:

Cool violets, and orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed balm, and cheerful galingale,
Freſh coſtmary, and breathful camomil,
Dull popy, and drink-quickning ſetuale,

Vein-healing verven, and head-purging dill,
Sound ſavory, and bazil, harty-hale,
Fat colworts, and comforting perſeline,
Cold lettice, and refreſhing roſmarine;

And whatſo elſe of vertue good or ill
Grew in this garden, fetch'd from far away,
Of every one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their pleaſures greedily doth prey;
Then when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
In the warm ſun he doth himſelf embay,
And there him reſts in riotous ſuffiſance
Of all his gladfulneſs and kingly joyance.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
To reign in th' air from earth to higheſt ſky,
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take whatever thing doth pleaſe the eye?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch happineſs,
Well worthy he to taſte of wretchedneſs.

But what on earth can long abide in ſtate?
Or who can him aſſure of happy day?
Sith morning fair may bring foul evening late,
And leaſt miſhap the moſt bleſs alter may?
For thouſand perils lie in cloſe await
About us daily, to work our decay,
That none, except a god, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatſo heavens in their ſecret doom
Ordained have, how can frail fleſhly wight
Fore-caſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come?
The ſea, the air, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and ſome
Do ſerve to them, and with importune might
War againſt us, the vaſſals of their will:
Who then can ſave what they diſpoſe to ſpill?

Not thou, O Clarion! though faireſt thou
Of all thy kind, unhappy, happy Fly!
Whoſe cruel fate is woven even now
Of Jove's own hand, to work thy miſery;
Ne may thee help the many a hearty vow
Which thy old ſire with ſacred piety
Hath poured forth for thee, and th' altars ſprent;
Nought may thee ſave from heaven's avengement.

It fortuned (as Heavens had behight)
That in this garden, where young Clarion
Was wont to ſolace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of fair things, th' author of confuſion,
The ſhame of Nature, the bondſlave of Spight,
Had lately built his hateful manſion,
And lurking cloſely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he ſpide the joyous Butterfly
In this fair plot diſpacing to and fro,
Fearleſs of foes and hidden jeopardy,
Lord! how he 'gan for to beſtir him tho,

And to his wicked work each part apply!
His heart did yérn againſt his hated fo,
And bowels ſo with rankling poiſon ſwell'd,
That ſcarce the ſkin the ſtrong contagion held.

The cauſe why he this Fly ſo maliced
Was (as in ſtories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The moſt fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his means was vanquiſhed
Of Pallas, and in her own ſkill confounded,
When ſhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her ſhame, and ſorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddeſs, having heard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fill'd,
Came down to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praiſe-worthy workmanſhip to yield;
But the preſumptuous damſel raſhly dar'd
The goddeſs' ſelf to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious ſkill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuſe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make;
So to their work they ſit, and each doth chuſe
What ſtory ſhe will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuſe
Europa like a bull, and on his back
Her through the ſea did bear, ſo lively ſeen,
That it true ſea and true bull ye would ween.

She ſeem'd ſtill back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The daſhing of the waves, that up ſhe took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near;
But (Lord!) how ſhe in every member ſhook,
When as the land ſhe ſaw no more appear,
But a wild wilderneſs of waters deep,
Then 'gan ſhe greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull ſhe pictur'd winged Love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove;
The one his bow and ſhafts, the other ſpring
A burning tead about his head did move,
As in their ſire's new love both triumphing;
And many nymphs about them flocking round,
And many Tritons, which their horns did ſound.

And round about her work ſhe did empale
With a fair border wrought of ſundry flow'rs,
Enwoven with an ivy-winding trayle;
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bow'rs,
Such as Dame Pallas, ſuch as Envy pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth devours,
Could not accuſe. Then 'gan the goddeſs bright
Her ſelf likewiſe unto her work to dight.

She made the ſtory of the old debate
Which ſhe with Neptune did for Athens try;
Twelve gods do ſit around in royal ſtate,
And Jove in midſt with awful majeſty,

To judge the ſtriſe between them ſtirred late;
Each of the gods by his like viſnomy
Eath to be known, but Jove above them all,
By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them ſtands the god of ſeas in place,
Claiming that ſea-coaſt city as his right,
And ſtrikes the rocks with his three-forked mace,
Whenceforth iſſues a warlike ſteed in ſight,
The ſign by which he challengeth the place,
That all the gods, which ſaw his wondrous might,
Did ſurely deem the victory his due;
But ſeldom ſeen forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her ſelf ſhe gives her Ægide ſhield,
And ſteel-head ſpear, and morion on her head,
Such as ſhe oft is ſeen in warlike field;
Then ſets ſhe forth, how with her weapon dred
She ſmote the ground, thewhich ſtraightforth did yield
A fruitful olive-tree, with berries ſpred,
That all the gods admir'd; then all the ſtory
She compaſs'd with a wreath of olives hoary.

Emongſt thoſe leaves ſhe made a Butterfly
With excellent device and wondrous ſlight,
Flutt'ring among the olives wantonly,
That ſeem'd to live, ſo like it was in ſight;
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The ſilken down with which his back is dight,
His broad out-ſtretched horns, his airy thighs,
His glorious colours, and his gliſtering eyes.

Which when Arachne ſaw, as overlaid
And maſtered with workmanſhip ſo rare,
She ſtood aſtonied long, ne ought gainſaid,
And with faſt fixed eyes on her did ſtare,
And by her ſilence, ſign of one diſmaid,
The victory did yield her as her ſhare;
Yet did ſhe inly fret and felly burn,
And all her blood to poiſonous rancour turn;

That ſhortly from the ſhape of womanhed,
Such as ſhe was when Pallas ſhe attempted,
She grew to hideous ſhape of drerihed,
Pined with grief of folly late repented:
Eftſoons her white ſtrait legs were altered
To crooked crawling ſhanks, of marrow empted,
And her fair face to foul and loathſom hue,
And her fine corps to a bag of venom grew.

This curſed creature, mindful of that old
Enfeſtred grudge the which his mother felt,
So ſoon as Clarion he did behold,
His heart with vengeful malice inly ſwelt,
And weaving ſtraight a net with many a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine ſmall cords about it ſtretched wide,
So finely ſpun that ſcarce they could be ſpide.

Not any damſel, which her vaunteth moſt
In ſkilful knitting of ſoft ſilken twine,
Nor any weaver, which his work doth boaſt
In diaper, in damaſk, or in lyne;

Nor any ſkill'd in workmanſhip emboſs'd;
Nor any ſkill'd in loups of fingring fine,
Might in their diverſe cunning ever dare
With this ſo curious net-work to compare.

Ne do I think that that ſame ſubtile gin
The which the Lemnian god fram'd craftily,
Mars ſleeping with his wife to compaſs in,
That all the gods, with common mockery,
Might laugh at them, and ſcorn their ſhameful ſin,
Was like to this: this ſame he did apply
For to entrap the careleſs Clarion,
That rang'd each where without ſuſpicion.

Suſpicion of friend, nor fear of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walk'd at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedom principal:
Little wiſt he his fatal future woe,
But was ſecure; the liker he to fall!
He likeſt is to fall into miſchance
That is regardleſs of his governance.

Yet ſtill Aragnol (ſo his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to ſurpriſe,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dreſs'd in good order as he could deviſe.
At length the fooliſh Fly, without foreſight,
As he that did all danger quite deſpiſe,
Towards thoſe parts came flying careleſly,
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who ſeeing him, with ſecret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in every vein,
And his falſe heart, fraught with all treaſon's ſtore,
Was fill'd with hope his purpoſe to obtain:
Himſelf he cloſe upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitful train
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noiſe, ne any motion, made.

Like as a wily fox, that having ſpide
Where on a ſunny bank the lambs do play,
Full cloſely creeping by the hinder ſide,
Lies in ambuſhment of his hoped prey,
Ne ſtirreth limb, till ſeeing ready tide
He ruſheth forth, and ſnatcheth quite away
One of the little younglings unawares;
So to his work Aragnol him prepares.

Who now ſhall give unto my heavy eyes
A well of tears, that all may overflow?
Or where ſhall I find lamentable cryes
And mournful tunes enough my grief to ſhow?
Help, O thou tragick Muſe! me to deviſe
Notes ſad enough t' expreſs this bitter throw,
For loe! the drery ſtownd is now arrived,
That of all happineſs hath us deprived.

The luckleſs Clarion, whether cruel Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultleſs him miſled,
Or ſome ungracious blaſt out of the gate
Of Æole's reign perforce him drove on hed,

Was (O ſad hap, and hour unfortunate!)
With violent ſwift flight forth carried
Into the curſed cobweb which his foe
Had framed for his final overthrow.

There the fond Fly entangled, ſtruggled long,
Himſelf to free thereout; but all in vain;
For ſtriving more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelf he tide, and wrapt his winges twain
In limy ſnares the ſubtil loops among,
That in the end he breathleſs did remain,
And all his youthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the grieſly tyrant did eſpy,
Like a grim lion ruſhing with fierce might
Out of his den, he ſeized greedily
On the reſiſtleſs prey, and with fell ſpight
Under the left wing ſtrook his weapon ſly
Into his heart, that his deep-groaning ſpright
In bloody ſtreams forth fled into the air,
His body left the ſpectacle of care.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

IN SIX CANTOS.

To the right noble Lady,

MARY,

Daughter to the most illustrious Prince,

GEORGE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MOST noble Lady! I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a work of Spenser's, of whom it were pity that any thing should be lost) and doubting not but your Ladyship will graciously accept, though from a mean hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer and observer of your self and your princely family, and shall ever remain

The humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

MARTIAL.

Accipe facundi culicem, studiose Maronis,
Ne nugis positis, arma virumque canas.

SEE here that stately Muse that erst could raise
In lasting numbers great Eliza's praise,
And dress fair Vertue in so rich attire,
That even her foes were forced to admire
And court her heavenly beauty! She that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleased here
To slack her serious flight, and feed your ear
With love's delightsom toys: do not refuse
These harmless sports; 'tis learned Spenser's Muse;
But think his loosest poems worthier than
The serious follies of unskilful men.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The youthly ſhepherds wonning here,
And beauties rare diſplaid, appear;
What exerciſe he chief affects,
His name and ſcornful love neglects.

I.

In Ida vale, (who knows not Ida vale?)
When harmleſs Troy yet felt not Græcian ſpite,
An hundred ſhepherds wonn'd, and in the dale,
While their fair flocks the three-leav'd paſtures bite,
The ſhepherds boys, with hundred ſportlings light,
Gave wings unto the time's too ſpeedy haſte:
Ah, fooliſh Lads! that ſtrove with laviſh waſte
So faſt to ſpend the time that ſpends your time as faſt.

II.

Amongſt the reſt, that all the reſt excell'd,
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whoſe harmleſs years
Now in their freſheſt budding gently ſwell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble ſheers,
Youth's downy bloſſom through his cheek appears;
His lovely limbs (but love he quite diſcarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

III.

High was his fore-head, arch'd with ſilver mould,
(Where never anger churliſh wrinkle dighted)
His auburn locks hung like dark threds of gold,
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
To play amongſt their wanton curles delighted;

His ſmiling eyes with ſimple truth were ſtor'd:
Ah! how ſhould truth in thoſe thief eyes be ſtor'd,
Which thouſand loves had ſtoln, and never one re-
[ſtor'd?

IV.

His lilly-cheek might ſeem an ivory plain,
More purely white than frozen Appenine,
Where lovely Baſhfulneſs did ſweetly reign,
In bluſhing ſcarlet cloth'd and purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightful ſhrine,
(Still cold it ſelf) inflam'd with hot deſire,
That well the face might ſeem in divers tire,
To be a burning ſnow, or elſe a freezing fire.

V.

His cheerful looks and merry face would prove
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love;
Of all the other parts enough is ſaid,
That they were fit twins for ſo fair a head:
Thouſand boys for him, thouſand maidens dy'd;
Die they that liſt, for ſuch his rigorous pride,
He thouſand boys (ah, Fool!) and thouſand maids de-
[ny'd.

VI.

His joy was not in muſick's ſweet delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning art)
Or daintier ſongs to daintier ears t' indite,
But through the plains to chace the nimble hart
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certain dart
The tuſked boar or ſavage bear to wound;
Mean time his heart with monſters doth abound;
Ah, Fool! to ſeek ſo far what nearer might be found.

VII.

His name (well known unto thoſe woody ſhades,
Where unrewarded lovers oft complain them)
Anchiſes was; Anchiſes oft the glades
And mountains heard, Anchiſes had diſdain'd them;
Not all their love one gentle look had gain'd them,
That rocky hills, with ecchoing noiſe conſenting,
Anchiſes plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
Harder than rocky hills laught at their vain lamenting.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Dione's garden of Delight,
With wonder holds Anchiſes' ſight;
While from the bower ſuch muſick ſounds,
As all his ſenſes near confounds.

I.

One day it chanc't as he the deer perſu'd,
Tired with ſport, and faint with weary play,
Fair Venus' grove not far away he view'd,
Whoſe trembling leaves invite him there to ſtay,
And in their ſhades his ſweating limbs diſplay,
There in the cooling glade he ſoftly paces,
And much delighted with their even ſpaces,
What in himſelf he ſcorn'd, he prais'd their kind embraces.

II.

The wood with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whoſe ſpringing youth felt never winter's ſpiting)
To laurels ſweet were ſweetly married,
Doubling their pleaſing ſmells in their uniting;
When ſingle much, much more when mix'd delight-
No foot of beaſt durſt touch this hallow'd place, [ing:
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entred with fear, but ſoon turn'd back his frighted

III. [face.

The thick-lock'd boughs ſhut out the tell-tale ſun,
(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her known fault, which oft ſhe wiſh'd undon)
And ſcatter'd rays did make a doubtful ſight,
Like to the firſt of day or laſt of night:
The fitteſt light for lovers' gentle play;
Such light beſt ſhews the wandring lover's way,
And guides his erring hand: night is Love's holy-day.

IV.

So far in this ſweet labyrinth he ſtray'd,
That now he views the garden of Delight,
Whoſe breaſt with thouſand painted flowers array'd,
With divers joy captiv'd his wandring ſight;
But ſoon the eyes rendred the ears their right;
For ſuch ſtrange harmony he ſeem'd to hear,
That all his ſenſes flock'd into his ear,
And every faculty wiſh'd to be ſeated there.

V.

From a cloſe bower this dainty muſick flow'd,
A bowre apparel'd round with divers roſes,

Both red and white, which by their liveries ſhow'd
Their miſtriſs fair, that there her ſelf repoſes ;
Seem'd that would ſtrive with thoſe rare muſick cloſes,
By ſpreading their fair boſoms to the light,
Which the diſtracted ſenſe ſhould moſt delight;
That raps the melted ear, this both the ſmell and ſight.

VI.

The boy 'twixt fearful hope and wiſhing fear
Crept all along (for much he long'd to ſee
The bower, much more the gueſt ſo lodged there)
And as he goes he marks how well agree
Nature and Art in diſcord unity,
Each ſtriving who ſhould beſt perform his part,
Yet Art now helping Nature, Nature Art,
While from his ears a voice thus ſtole his heart.

VII.

" Fond Men! whoſe wretched care the life ſoon ending,
" By ſtriving to increaſe your joy do ſpend it,
" And ſpending joy, yet find no joy in ſpending ;
" You hurt your life by ſtriving to amend it,
" And ſeeking to prolong it ſooneſt end it;
" Then while fit time affords thee time and leaſure,
" Enjoy while yet thou may'ſt thy life's ſweet pleaſure;
" Too fooliſh is the man that ſtarves to feed his trea-
[ſure.

VIII.

" Love is life's end; an end, but never ending ;
" All joys, all ſweets, all happineſs, awarding;
" Love is life's wealth (ne'er ſpent, but ever ſpending)
" More rich by giving, taking by diſcarding;
" Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding :

"Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove;
"Ah! ſhouldſt thou live but once love's ſweets to prove,
"Thou wilt not love to live, unleſs thou live to love."

IX.

To this ſweet voice a dainty muſick fitted
Its well-tun'd ſtrings, and to her notes conſorted,
And while with ſkilful voice the ſong ſhe dittied,
The blabbing Eccho had her words retorted;
That now the boy, beyond his ſoul tranſported,
Through all his limbs feels run a pleaſant ſhaking,
And 'twixt a hope and fear ſuſpects miſtaking,
And doubts he ſleeping dreams, and broad awake
fears waking.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Fair Cytherea's limbs beheld,
The ſtraying lad's heart ſo inthral'd,
That in a trance his melted ſpright
Leaves th' ſenſes ſlumbring in delight.

I.

Now to the bower he ſent his thieviſh eyes
To ſteal a happy ſight; there do they find
Fair Venus, that within half naked lies,
And ſtraight amaz'd (ſo glorious beauty ſhin'd)
Would not return the meſſage to the mind;
But full of fear and ſuperſtitious awe,
Could not retire or back their beams with-draw,
So fix'd on too much ſeeing made they nothing ſaw.

II.

Her goodly length ſtretch'd on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foil of a beauty far more bright)
Few roſes round about were ſcattered,
As if the lillies learnt to bluſh, for ſpight
To ſee a ſkin much more than lilly-white:
The bed ſank with delight ſo to be preſſed,
And knew not which to think a chance more bleſſed,
Both bleſſed ſo to kiſs, and ſo again be kiſſed.

III.

Her ſpacious fore-head, like the cleareſt moon,
Whoſe full-grown orb begins now to be ſpent,
Largely diſplay'd in native ſilver ſhone,
Giving wide room to beauty's regiment,
Which on the plain with love triumphing went;
Her golden hair a rope of pearl imbrac'd,
Which with their dainty threds oft-times enlac'd,
Made the eye think the pearl was there in gold inchas'd

IV.

Her full large eye, in jetty-black array'd,
Proud beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her ſelf in black more rich diſplay'd;
Both contraries did yet themſelves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight;
A thouſand Loves ſate playing in each eye,
And ſmiling Mirth, kiſſing fair Courteſy,
By ſweet perſwaſion wan a bloodleſs victory.

V.

The whiteſt white ſet by her ſilver cheek
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;

The freſheſt purple freſher dyes muſt ſeek,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On theſe Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves, that with bold wanton train
Under thoſe colours, marching on the plain,
Force every heart, and to low vaſſalage conſtrain.

VI.

Her lips, moſt happy each in other's kiſſes,
From their ſo wiſh'd imbracements ſeldom parted,
Yet ſeem'd to bluſh at ſuch their wanton bliſſes;
But when ſweet words their joyning ſweets diſparted,
To th' ear a dainty muſick they imparted:
Upon them fitly ſate, delightful ſmiling,
A thouſand ſouls with pleaſing ſtealth beguiling:
Ah! that ſuch ſhews of joys ſhould be all joys exiling!

VII.

The breath came ſlowly thence, unwilling leaving
So ſweet a lodge; but when ſhe once intended
To feaſt the air with words, the heart deceiving,
More faſt it thronged ſo to be expended;
And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
Playing i'th' breath, more ſweet than is that firing
Where that Arabian only bird expiring
Lives by her death, by loſs of breath more freſh re- [ſpiring.

VIII.

Her chin, like to a ſtone in gold inchas'd,
Seem'd a fair jewel wrought with cunning hand,
And being double, doubly the face grac'd:
This goodly frame on her round neck did ſtand;
Such pillar well ſuch curious work ſuſtain'd;

And on his top the heavenly ſphear up-rearing,
Might well preſent, with daintier appearing,
A leſs but better Atlas, that fair heaven bearing.

IX.

Lower two breaſts ſtand all their beauties bearing,
Two breaſts as ſmooth and ſoft; but, ah, alas!
Their ſmootheſt ſoftneſs far exceeds comparing;
More ſmooth and ſoft, but nought that ever was,
Where they are firſt, deſerves the ſecond place;
Yet each as ſoft and each as ſmooth as other;
And when thou firſt try'ſt one, and then the other,
Each ſofter ſeems than each, and each than each ſeems ſmoother.

X.

Lowly between their dainty hemiſpheres,
(Their hemiſpheres the heav'nly globe's excelling)
A path more white than is the name it bears,
The Lacteal Path, conducts to the ſweet dwelling
Where beſt Delight all joys ſits freely dealing;
Where hundred ſweets, and ſtill freſh joys attending,
Receive in giving, and ſtill love diſpending,
Grow richer by their loſs, and wealthy by expending.

XI.

But ſtay, bold Shepherd! here thy footing ſtay,
Nor truſt too much unto thy new-born quill,
As farther to thoſe dainty limbs to ſtray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beauteous hill
Which paſt the fineſt hand and choiceſt ſkill;
But were thy verſe and ſong as finely fram'd
As are thoſe parts, yet ſhould it ſoon be blam'd,
For now the ſhameleſs world of beſt things is aſham'd.

XII.

That cunning artiſt that old Greece admir'd,
Thus far his Venus fitly pourtrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aſpir'd;
His Dædale hand, that Nature perfected
By Art, felt Art by Nature limited.
Ah! well he knew though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would theſe lively parts his hand of ſkill deprive.

XIII.

Such when this gentle boy her cloſely view'd,
Only with thinneſt ſilken veil o're-laid,
Whoſe ſnowy colour much more ſnowy ſhew'd
By being next that ſkin, and all betray'd,
Which beſt in naked beauties are arrry'd,
His ſpirits, melted with ſo glorious ſight,
Ran from their work to ſee ſo ſplendid light,
And left the fainting limbs ſweet ſlumbring in delight.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The ſwouning ſwain recovered is
By th' goddeſs, his ſoul rapt in bliſs:
Their mutual conference, and how
Her ſervice ſhe doth him allow.

I.

Soft ſleeping Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the ſinking boy eſpies;
Withall ſhe ſtares, and wondereth withall;
She thinks that there her fair Adonis dies,
And more ſhe thinks the more the boy ſhe eyes:

So ſtepping nearer, up begins to rear him;
And now with Love himſelf ſhe will confer him,
And now before her love himſelf ſhe will prefer him.

II.

The lad, ſoon with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himſelf ſo well, ſo ſweetly ſeated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or elſe his flitting ſoul to heav'n tranſlated,
Was there in ſtarry throne and bliſs inſtated:
Oft would he die, ſo to be often ſav'd;
And now with happy wiſh he cloſely crav'd
For ever to be dead, to be ſo ſweet ingrav'd.

III.

The Paphian princeſs (in whoſe lovely breaſt
Spiteful diſdain could never find a place)
When now ſhe ſaw him from his fit releaſt,
(To Juno leaving wrath and ſcolding baſe)
Comforts the trembling boy with ſmiling grace:
But oh! thoſe ſmiles (too full of ſweet delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former ſight;
So ſeeking to revive, more wounds his feeble ſprite.

IV.

Tell me, fair Boy! (ſaid ſhe) what erring chance
Hither directed thy unwary pace?
For ſure Contempt or Pride durſt not advance
Their foul aſpect in thy ſo pleaſant face:
Tell me what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lack of love, or mutual anſwering fire?
Or hindred by ill chance in thy deſire?
Tell me what is't thy fair and wiſhing eyes require?

V.

The boy, whose sense was never yet acquainted
With such a musick, stood with ears erected,
And sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sugred strains long time expected;
Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,
First sighs arising from his heart's low center,
Thus 'gan reply, when each word bord would venter,
And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

VI.

" Fair Cyprian queen," (for well that heavenly face
Proves thee the mother of all-conquering Love)
" Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting pace,
" For no presumptuous thoughts did hither move
" My daring feet to this thy holy grove;
" But lucklesś chance (which if you not gain-say,
" I still must rue) hath caus'd me here to stray,
" And lose myself (alas!) in losing of my way.

VII.

" Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;
" Never till now I saw what ought be lov'd;
" And now I see, but never dare aspire
" To move my hope, where yet my love is mov'd;
" Whence though I would, I would it not remov'd;
" Only since I have plac'd my love so high,
" Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt deny,
" Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to die."

VIII.

But she that in his eyes Love's face had seen,
And flaming heart, did not such suit disdain,
(For cruelty fits not sweet Beauty's queen)

But gently could his paſſion entertain,
Though ſhe Love's princeſs, he a lowly ſwain:
Firſt of his bold intruſion ſhe acquits him,
Then to her ſervice (happy Boy!) admits him,
And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him.

IX.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,
And Cupid's ſelf, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred ways with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
Forcing to love that moſt his love deſpighted:
And now the practique boy did ſo approve him,
And with ſuch grace and cunning art did move him,
That all the pretty Loves and all the Graces love him.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The lover's ſad deſpairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints;
Sweetly importun'd, he doth ſhow
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I.

Yet never durſt his faint and coward heart
(Ah, Fool! faint heart fair lady ne'er could win)
Aſſail fair Venus with his new-learnt art,
But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out the more he preſt it in;
And thinking oft how juſt ſhe might diſdain him,
While ſome cool myrtle ſhade did entertain him,
Thus ſighing would he ſit, and ſadly would he plain him:

II.

"Ah, fond and hapleſs Boy! nor know I whether
"More fond or hapleſs more, that all ſo high
"Haſt plac'd thy heart, where Love and Fate together
"May never hope to end thy miſery,
"Nor yet thy ſelf dare wiſh a remedy:
"All hindrances (alas!) conſpire to lett it;
"Ah, fond and hapleſs Boy! if can't not get it,
"In thinking to forget, at length learn to forget it.

III.

"Ah, far too fond, but much more hapleſs Swain!
"Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
"Serve and obſerve thy love with willing pain;
"And though in vain thy love thou do perſever,
"Yet all in vain do thou adore her ever.
"No hope can crown thy thoughts ſo far aſpiring,
"Nor dares thy ſelf deſire thine own deſiring,
"Yet live thou in her love, and die in her admiring."

IV.

Thus oft the hopeleſs boy complaining lies;
But ſhe, that well could gueſs his ſad lamenting,
(Who can conceal Love from Love's mother's eyes?)
Did not diſdain to give his love contenting:
Cruel the ſoul that feeds on ſouls' tormenting:
Nor did ſhe ſcorn him though not nobly born,
(Love is nobility) nor could ſhe ſcorn
That with ſo noble ſkill her title did adorn.

V.

One day it chanc'd, thrice happy day and chance!
While Loves were with the Graces ſweetly ſporting,

And ſo freſh muſick ſounding play and dance.
And Cupid's ſelf, with ſhepherds' boys conſorting,
Laugh'd at their pritty ſport and ſimple courting,
Fair Venus ſeats the fearful boy cloſe by her,
Where never Phœbus' jealous looks might eye her,
And bids the boy his miſtreſs and her name deſcry her.

VI.

Long time the youth up-bound in ſilence ſtood,
While hope and fear with hundred thoughts begun,
Fit prologue to his ſpeech, and fearful blood
From heart and face with theſe poſt-tydings run,
That either now he's made or now undon:
At length his trembling words, with fear made weak,
Began his too long ſilence thus to break,
While from his humble eyes firſt reverence ſeem'd to [ſpeak.

VII.

" Fair Queen of Love! my life thou mayſt command,
" Too ſlender price for all thy former grace
" Which I receive at thy ſo bounteous hand,
" But never dare I ſpeak her name and face;
" My life is much leſs-priz'd than her diſgrace;
" And for I know if I her name relate
" I purchaſe anger, I muſt hide her ſtate,
" Unleſs thou ſwear by Styx I purchaſe not her hate."

VIII.

Fair Venus well perceiv'd his ſubtile ſhift,
And, ſwearing gentle patience, gently ſmil'd,
While thus the boy purſu'd his former drift:
" No tongue was ever yet ſo ſweetly ſkill'd,
" Nor greateſt orator ſo highly ſtil'd,

" Though helpt with all the choiceſt art's direction,
" But when he durſt deſcribe her heav'n's perfection,
" By his imperfect praiſe diſprais'd his imperfection.

IX.

" Her form is as herſelf, perfect cœleſtial,
" No mortal ſpot her heavenly frame diſgraces;
" Beyond compare ſuch nothing is terreſtrial;
" More ſweet than thought or pow'rful wiſh embraces;
" The map of heaven the ſum of all her graces:
" But if you wiſh more truly limb'd to eye her,
" Than fainting ſpeech or words can well deſcry her,
" Look in a glaſs, and there more perfect you may
ſpy her"

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

The boy's ſhort wiſh, her larger grant,
That doth his ſoul with bliſs enchant;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.

I.

" Thy crafty art (reply'd the ſmiling queen)
" Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
" Yet might'ſt thou think that yet 'twas never ſeen
" That angry rage and gentle love conſented;
" But if to me thy true love is preſented,
" What wages for thy ſervice muſt I owe thee?
" For by the ſelf-ſame vow I here avow thee,
" Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee."

II.

“ Pardon (replies the boy) for ſo affecting
“ Beyond mortality, and not diſcarding
“ Thy ſervice, was much more than my expecting;
“ But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
“ Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
“ Thy love I dare not aſk, or mutual fixing,
“ One kiſs is all my love and pride's aſpiring,
“ And after carve my heart, for my too much deſiring.”

III.

“ Fond Boy! (ſaid ſhe) too fond, that aſk'd no more;
“ Thy want by taking is no whit decreaſed,
“ And giving ſpends not our increaſing ſtore.”
Thus with a kiſs his lips ſhe ſweetly preſſed;
Moſt bleſſed kiſs! but hope more than moſt bleſſed.
The boy did think heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
And while joy he ſo greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not half his joy by being over-joy'd.

IV.

“ Why ſigh'ſt? fair Boy! (ſaid ſhe) doſt thou repent thee
“ Thy narrow wiſh in ſuch ſtraight bonds to ſtay?”
“ Well may I ſigh, (ſaid he) and well lament me,
“ That never ſuch a debt may hope to pay.”
“ A kiſs, (ſaid ſhe) a kiſs will back repay.”
“ Wilt thou (reply'd the boy, too much delighted)
“ Content thee with ſuch pay to be requited?”
She grants; and he his lips, heart, ſoul, to payment cited.

V.

Look as a ward, from time his lands detain'd,
And ſubject to his guardian's cruel lore,

Now ſpends the more the more he was reſtrain'd;
So he; yet though in laying out his ſtore
He doubly takes, yet finds himſelf grow poor;
With that he marks, and tells her out a ſcore,
And doubles them, and trebles all before.
Fond Boy! the more thou payſt thy debt ſtill grows [the more.

VI.

At length, whether theſe favours ſo had fir'd him
With kindly heat, inflaming his deſiring,
Or whether thoſe ſweet kiſſes had inſpir'd him,
He thinks that ſomething wants for his requiring,
And ſtill aſpires, yet knows not his aſpiring;
But yet though that he knoweth ſo ſhe gave,
That he preſents himſelf her bounden ſlave,
Still his more wiſhing face ſeem'd ſomewhat elſe to [crave.

VII.

And boldned with ſucceſs and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in fear, he now releas'd,
And aſking leave, courag'd with her embraces,
Again it priſon'd in her tender breaſt:
Ah, bleſſed priſon! priſ'ners too much bleſt!
There with thoſe ſiſters long time doth he play,
And now full boldly enters Love's highway,
While down the pleaſant vale his creeping hand doth [ſtray.

VIII.

She, not diſpleas'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his bluſhing with a ſugred kiſs,
With ſuch ſweet heat his rudeneſs doth allay,
That now he perfect knows whatever bliſs
Elder Love taught, and he before did miſs;

That ſhoult with joy, in ſuch untry'd joys trying,
He gladly dies; and death new life applying,
Gladly again he dies, that oft he may be dying.

IX.

Long thus he liv'd, ſlumbring in ſweet delight,
Free from ſad care and fickle world's annoy,
Bathing in liquid joys his melted ſprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah, fooliſh Boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and heaven, and earth, his bliſs imparted,
That Jove upon him down his thunder darted,
Blaſting his ſplendent face, and all his beauty ſwarted.

X.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
Unworthy he to have ſo worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
Light joys float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinks deep, and th' heart's low center doth embrace.
Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it,
I'de loſe all favours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the

OLD AND OBSCURE WORDS

IN

SPENSER'S WORKS.

Taken from the Gloſſaries
OF MR. HUGHES AND MR. UPTON,
And more comprehenſive than either.

A.

Abace, in the two old quartos; but in the folios *Abaſe*, to lower, to let fall.

Abear, to bear, carry, demean, behave.

Abet, to vindicate, and, to maintain.

Abide, *Aby*, *Abyde*, to abide, ſuffer, endure.

Abode, abiding, ſtaying, or delay.

Abray out of ſleep, raiſe, awake. *Abrayd*, awaked.

Abuſion, fraud, abuſe.

Accloy, to cloy, fill up. *Accloyes*, chokes up, fills up.

Accoſting, in falconry, to crouch or ſtoop.

Accoſte, to approach.

Accoy'd, ſoothed, appeaſed.

Accoyled, ſtood around, gathered together.

Accrewed, increaſed, united, collected.

Achates, 1ſt and 2d quartos. The folios *Cates*, *i. e.* proviſions.

Adaw, to daunt. Sometimes ſignifies to abate.

Addeme, adjudge, deem.

Addreſs, to dreſs, prepare, order, make ready.

Admirance, admiration.

Adoe, buſineſs.

Adorne, (ſubſtantively) adorning, ornament.

Adredd, *Adrad*, frightened; to be afraid, to dread.

Advance, to haſten, to ſet forward.

Adviſe, to conſult, deliberate, conſider.

Adviſement, counſel, advice, circumſpection.

Adward, award, judgment, ſentence.

Affect, affection, paſſion.

Affrap, to encounter, to ſtrike down.

Affray, terror, tumult. To *Affray*, to terrify.

Affrended, made friends.

Affret, rencounter, haſty meeting.

Affronting, oppoſing front to front; meeting face to face.

Affy, betroth. *Affide*, betrothed, affianced.

Aggrace, favour, kindneſs.

Aggrate, to gratify, to pleaſe.

Aghaſt, frightened, aſtoniſhed.

Agraſte, did ſo much aggrace; ſhewed ſo much grace and favour.

Agriſe, to dread and fear greatly; to aſtoniſh, to give abhorrence.

Aguize, to put on an appearance; to ſet off after a new manner.

Albe, albeit, although.

Algates, by all means, any way, wholly; nevertheleſs.

All, altogether, wholly; alſo uſed for although.

Alla Turcheſca, in the Turkiſh manner.

Allegge, alleviate, lighten.

Alleggeaunce, alleviation, eaſe, comfort.

Alew, howling, lamentation.

Aloofe, at ſome diſtance.

Alow, low; the *a* added.

Amate, 1. To ſubdue, to daunt, to diſtreſs, to terrify. 2. To aſſociate with, to keep company.

Amenage, manage, carriage.

Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour.

Amerced, fined.

Amis, apparel, garment.

Amoves, moves; the particle *a* is added.

Annoyes, annoyances.

Antiks, antique odd figures of men, beasts, birds, *&c.*

Apay, to pay, content, satisfy, requite.

Appall, to discourage, daunt, terrify.

Appeach, impeach, accuse, censure.

Areare, backwards; a lagging or backward pace.

Aread, *Areed*, shew, advise, declare, tell.

Areeds, advices, discourses.

Arew, in a row, together, all together.

Arke, chest or coffer.

Arraught, did reach, seize on; reached, snatched, seized.

Array, order, apparel, dress.

Arret, sometimes signifies decree.

Askaunce, to look askance, enviously, obliquely, sideways, awry.

Aslake, to appease.

Assay, proof, trial, attempt, attack.

Assoile, to free, to quit.

Assoiled, absolved, discharged.

Astond, *astound*, astonished.

Assot, to besot, deceive, make a fool of.

Astart, to startle.

Atchievement, enterprise, or performance.

Ate, did eat.

Atone, *i. e.* friends again, at one; *Atoned*, reconciled.

Attacht, apprehended, laid hold on.

Attaint, it did attaint; it seemed to absorb it, and to put it out by its superior splendor.

Attonce, once for all; at one and the same time.

Attone, bereaved, taken away all together.

Attrapt, attraped, adorned.

Atween, between.

Avale, to lower, abate, bring down, descend.

Avaunting, vaunting, the *a* superadded. According to *Hughes* it signifies advancing.

Avenge, vengeance. *Avengement*, revenge.

Avize, *Avyse*, *Avise*, to perceive, to consider. To behold, to observe, to be sensible of. *Hughes*.

Aumayld, enamelled.

Avoure, confession, acknowledgment.

Awarned, warned, premonished.

Awhape, to astonish, to terrify.

Ay, ever.

Aygulets, tagged points.

B.

Bad, asked, entreated, prayed.

Baffuld, baffled, beat, defeated.

Baisemains, complements, respects.

Bale, evil, mischief, misery, sorrow, burden.

Baleful, sorrowful, unfortunate, full of harm.

Balke, to disappoint, baffle, frustrate.

Bannes, curses. To *Ban*, to curse. *Band*, did curse.

Barbes, bosses or ornaments in the trappings of a horse.

Barbed, embossed.

Barbican, an outerwork, gate, or watch-tower.

Base, unto the base, below, bottom.

Bases, any covering for the legs.

Basen, as, Big looks basen wide [*Mother Hubberd's Tale*] *i. e.* extended as with wonder.

Bashd, abashed.

Basenet, a helmet.

Basted, wrought, slightly sewed.

Bate, did *beat*, *Hughes*. Did *bite*, *Upton*.

Bauldrick, a belt; *Bauldrick of the heavens*; the zodiack, in which are the twelve signs.

Bay, to bark. Faery Queene,

Book i. C. 7. St. 3. it signifies to bathe, cherish, foment. To hold or keep at *bay*, is the hunter's phrase of the stag, when the hounds are *baying* or barking at him.

Beacon, a raised building of combustible matter, to be fired, in order to give notice to distant people of invasions. *Upton.*

Beadmen, prayer-men.

Beadroll, properly a catalogue of prayers, but used for a catalogue in general.

Beard him, affront him to his face; brave him.

Beare, a bier.

Beathd in fire, hardened in the fire.

Beauperes, equals, fair companions.

Bevy, a company.

Bed, for *bid*, to pray.

Bedight, dressed, adorned.

Bedyde, dyed.

Behest, command.

Behight, or *Behote*, called, named; and sometimes bid, promised, gave.

Belamy, fair friend.

Belamoure, a lover.

Belayd, laid over.

Beldame, good lady, good dame.

Bell-accoyle, fair reception, kind salutations.

Bellgards, beautiful looks.

Bellibone, fair maid.

Bends, bars placed cross ways.

Benempt, bequeathed, named.

Bent, the propensity or inclination; sometimes yielding or complying.

Bents, rushes, bent grass; bulrushes.

Bere, sometimes signifies weight, pressure, or bearing.

Bereave, to bereave, to take away.

Beseek, beseech.

Beseem, to become, to grace, to look seemly.

Beſeen, well beſeen, i. e. courteſy bearing a good aſpect, handſome treatment.

Beſprint, or *Beſprent*, beſprinkled.

Beſtead, beſet, oppreſſed; *ill-beſtead*, bad plight, condition.

Bet, did beat.

Betake, took into his hand, beſtow upon.

Beteem, deliver, beſtow.

Betide, happen to, befal.

Bever, the ſight or viſor of a head-piece.

Bewray, to diſcover.

Bickerment, contention, ſtrife.

Bidding his beads, ſaying his prayers.

Bilive, forthwith, immediately.

Bittur, a bittern.

Blatant Beaſt, Detraction repreſented as a monſter.

Blaze, to divulge or ſpread abroad.

Bleard, dimmed, darkened.

Blemiſhment, blemiſh, ſtain.

Blend, not only to mix, but to ſpoil with mixing; to confound. It alſo ſometimes ſignifies to blind.

Bleſs, Spenſer has uſed this word to ſignify the waving or brandiſhing of a ſword.

Blin, to ceaſe, give over.

Bliſt, for *bleſt*, bleſſed, B. iv. C. 7. St. 46. But in B. vi. C. 8. St. 13. *all about ſo bliſt*, i. e. injured, wounded.

Blooſme, bloſſom. Pronounce it *bloom*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 2.

Bode, did abide.

Bolt, an arrow.

Bond, bound; kept as bond-ſlaves.

Bonnibel, a fair maid.

Boone, favour, requeſt, petition.

Boot, advantage, help, profit.

Bootleſs, unavailing, unprofitable.

To *bord*, to accoſt, to approach. *Bord*, a jeſt.

Bordragings, ravagings or incurſions on the borders.

Borrel, rude, clowniſh.

Boſſe, a protuberance in the middle of the ſhield.

Boughts, circular folds or windings.

Boulted, ſifted.

Bourn, a brook or rivulet.

Bouzing can, a large drinking pot.

Bowre, often uſed for an inner chamber or private apartment.

Braſt, or *Brac'd*, burſt.

Brade, for broad.

Brag, proudly.

Brakes, buſhes, brambles, fern.

Brame, vexation; *Breem*, fierce.

Brand, ſometimes a firebrand, ſometimes a ſword.

Branſles, brawls, a ſort of tune.

Brave, not only valiant and bold, but fine and ſpruce.

Brawned bours, well-ſinewed arms.

Bray, found ſhrill.

Breaded, knitted, plaited, wreathed.

Brent, burnt.

Brigants, robbers, freebooters.

Brackage.[*Moth. Hub. Tale*] pimping.

Brond, *Brond-iron*, vide *Brand*.

Brooke, bear, endure, digeſt.

Brunt, violent attack, accident.

Bruſh, ſmall wood, bruſh wood.

Bruteneſs, ſottiſhneſs, ſtupidity, brutiſhneſs.

To *buckle*, to buckle on armour; to prepare for battle.

Buffe, a blow, buffet.

Bug, a bug-bear.

Bugle, a ſmall bugle-horn.

Burganet, a helmet.

Burgein, to ſpring forth, or bud.

Buſkets, little buſhes.

But, unleſs, except.

Buxome, yielding.

Bylive. See *Bilive*.

Bynempt. See *Benempt*.

C.

Camis, *Camus*, a thin gown.

Can, is often uſed as 'gan, began.

Canon-bit, that part of the bit which is let into the horſe's mouth; the ruling bit.

Capias, a ſpecial warrant.

Capon, a cock cut; metaphorically a cow-herd.

Caprifole, woodbine, honey-ſuckle.

Captivaunce, captivity.

Carke, care.

Carle, a clown, a churl.

Carol, to ſing ſongs of joy.

Carven, to cut.

To *Caſt* in one's mind, to think, to contrive. *Caſt* is alſo uſed for time, or a throw.

A Caſt of faulcons, a ſet of falcons.

Caſtory, beaver's oil.

Cauſen, to argue or debate.

Cav'd, made hollow.

Caytive, *Caitive*, mean, vile, captive, ſlave.

Certes, certainly.

Ceſſe, ceaſe.

Ceſure, a cutting off.

To *Chaffer*, to bargain, to traffic, to exchange.

Chamelot, ſtuff mixed with camel's hair; camlet.

Chamfred, bent, crooked.

Chaſt, chaced.

Chauſe, anger, heat, wrath.

Chaunticlere, ſo named from *chaunting* or *ſinging* with a clear and ſilver voice.

Chayre, charily, with great care and caution.

Checklaton, a kind of chequered or motley ſtuff.

Checkmate, a word borrowed from the game of cheſs.

Cheere, countenance, air, mien.

Chevalrie, knighthood, knightly exploits.
Cheviſaunce, atchievement, enterpriſe, feat, performance.
Chylded, brought forth.
Cleped, called, named.
Clouch, gathered together.
Colled, embraced.
Commen, commune, diſcourſe together. Alſo to come.
Compaſt creaſt, his creſt compaſſed around, or well rounded, proportioned, or framed.
Complot, a plot, combination, or contrivance.
Comportance, behaviour, carriage.
Compylde, brought together.
Con, to learn, to know.
Conceipt, imagination, fancy.
Concrew, to grow together.
Conned, learned.
Condigne, worthy.
Congee, bow, reverence.
Contecke, contention.
Contrive, ſpend, conſume.
Convenable, agreeable.
Coſen paſſions, kindred paſſions.
Coportion, a portion or ſhare with you.
Corb, crooked.
Corbes, ornaments in building.
Cordwayne, Spaniſh leather.
Coronal, crown, garland.
Coſſet, a lamb brought up without the ewe.
Cotes, ſheep-folds.
Cott, floating cottage.
Could, as *Could his good to all; i. e.* diſpenſed his bounty.
Count, account, reckoning.
Countercaſt, a counter contrivance or cunning.
Counterchange, mutual exchange.
Counterfeaſaunce, counterfeiting.
Counterſtroke, an oppoſite ſtroke.
Couplement, union, marriage, coupling together.

Cour'd, for covered.

Court, courteousness.

Couth, to know, or be skilful in.

Cragg, neck.

Crakes, boastings.

Cranks, same as *Cranckles*: i. e. turnings, windings.

Craples, claws.

Craven, coward, or cowardly.

Credence, belief.

Cruddy blood, crudled, coagulated.

Crumenal, purse.

Culver, (Saxon word) dove, pigeon.

Culverin, a piece of ordnance.

Curat, *Curiets*, *Curats*, thus differently spelled; armour for the back and breast.

D.

Damnifyde, injured, impaired.

Dan, an old title signifying Master.

Darrayne, to hazard, venture, attempt, or prepare to fight.

Darred larke, alluding to catching of larks by what they call a daring glass.

Dayes-man, umpire, arbitrator.

Daynt, dainty, delicate.

Dayr'house, dairy-house.

Dealth, dealeth, gives.

Dearnly, *Dernly*, eagerly, earnestly.

Debonaire, sprightly, courteous.

Decrewed, decreased.

Defeasaunce, defeating.

Deffly, finely or nimbly.

Define, to end; to determine or decide.

Defould, defiled, or brought to shame.

Delices, delight, pleasure.

Delve, a pit or hollow place.

Demeane, *Demayne*, demeanour, carriage, behaviour; sometimes it signifies to debate. *Demeasnure*, *Demeanure*, as above

Deemen, deem, suppose

Dempt, deemed.

Depeinten, painted.

Derring doe, bold deeds, manhood, chevalry.

Deſcrive, deſcribe.

Deſpiteous, ſpiteful, malicious.

Deſſe, a ſeat.

Deviſeful, full of rare devices or invention.

Devoir, duty.

Dight, to order, prepare, dreſs, adorn.

Dilate, enlarge upon.

Dirk, dark, or to darken.

Diſadvaunce, to withdraw, to ſtop.

Diſaventurous, ill adventurous, unhappy, unlucky.

Diſeaſe, for uneaſineſs.

Diſcided, cut in two parts.

Diſcure, diſcover.

Diſcuſt, ſhaken off; to remove, or put away.

Diſentrayled, drawn along floatingly.

Diſleal knight, perfidious, traiterous.

Diſloignd, diſloined, remote, far.

Diſple, diſcipline, correction.

Diſport, ſport, diverſion, paſtime.

Diſpredden, ſpread, diffuſed around.

Diſpurveyance, want of proviſion.

Diſſeized, made to quit or relinquiſh, diſpoſſeſſed of.

Diſſolute, languid, broken, B. i. C. 7. St. 51.

Diſthronized, dethroned.

Diſtraine, i. e. draw it, or break it aſunder.

Diſtinct, varied.

Diſtraught, drawn aſide, diſtracted.

Dites, orders, directs.

A *Ditt*, a ditty, a ſong.

Doale, a dealing out.

Doe, *Doe him not to dye*, put him not to death.

Dofte, do off, put off.

Dolor, *Dolour*, grief, pain, ſorrow.

Doole, dole, complaint, ſorrow, pain, grief.

Don, to do on, to put on.

Dortours, dormitories, or lodgings for Monks.

Dotid, doting, impaired.

Doughtie, ſtout, valiant, courageous.

Drad, Dread, Dreed, dreaded; to be feared, honoured, reverenced.

Drapets, linen clothes.

Draught, a military detachment, B. ii. C. 10. St. 51.

Dreare, Drere, ſorrow, ſadneſs.

Drent, drenched or drowned.

Dririment, heavineſs, ſorrowfulneſs.

Dreryhedd, a ſorrowful and dreary ſtate.

Dreſt, ordered, prepared.

Drevill, a driveller, a fool.

Drift, impulſe, force, or driving on.

Drowſyhedd, drowſineſs.

Dureſſe, confinement, impriſonment, hardſhip.

E.

Earne, Erne, to yern, to be moved with compaſſion.

Earſt, Erſt, firſt of all, at firſt, before, formerly.

Eath, eaſy,

Eeke, Eke, alſo; it ſignifies likewiſe to add, to increaſe, to augment.

Effierced, made fierce and mad.

Efforce, to force open; alſo to violate.

Effraide, frightened, afraid.

Eft, again, likewiſe, ſoon.

Eftſoones, again, preſently quickly, forthwith.

Eglantine, ſweet brier, or wild roſe.

Eld, old age.

Elf, a Fairy. *Elfin*, the adjective of *Elf*.

Elles, elſe, already.

Embace, to leſſen, make baſe.

Embard, ſhut up.

Embattled cart, a warlike chariot.

Embay, to bath; alſo to cheriſh and delight.

Embayld, incloſed; alſo to make up into bales or packs.

Emboſs, has different ſignifications—*Arms em-*

bost, arms of embossed work. *Emboſt with gold*, raised as in relievo. *Emboſt with pearles*, raiſed or overlaid. *In caſe emboſt*, hid, conceal-ed. *The ſalvage beaſt emboſt in wearie chace*, meaning hard run and wearied out. *To emboſſe his ſpeare in his body*, i. e. to lodge, to incloſe. But the moſt difficult place ſeems in B. iii. C. I. St. 64. *Emboſſe themſelves in ſo glorious ſpoile*, probably from the Italian *Imboſcarſi*, i. e. by ambuſcade to avail themſelves of ſo glorious a ſpoil. *Upton.*

Embowed, imbewed, arched; covered archwiſe.

Emboyled, emboylingwrath B. ii. C. 5. St. 18. the ſame as boyled, boyling.

Embrave, adorn, make brave or fine; to dreſs.

Eme, an uncle by the mother's ſide.

Emparlance, a law term, uſed in petitioning the court for reſpite.

Empeach, to hinder.

Emperill, quartos; folios *Imperill*, endanger.

Emperiſht, periſhed, gone to ruin.

Empight, placed, fixed.

Emprize, enterpriſe, undertaking.

Enaunter, leſt that.

Enchaſed, engraven.

Encheaſon, occaſion, accident.

Endoſſe, to write on the back, to engrave.

Endurd, hardened.

Enduren, indure, continue.

Enfeloned, hurried on by wicked and felonious intents.

Enfouldred ſmoke, ſmoke mixed with flame.

Englut, ſatiate, glut.

Engore, to pierce, to prick; to make bloody or gory.

Engorgedyre, anger ariſing to the very gorge or throat; anger which cannot be ſuppreſſed.

Engraffed, ingrafted, implanted.

Engroste, made thick.

Enhaunst, raised, lifted up.

Enrace, enroot, implant.

Enriven, torn asunder.

Enseams, *i. e.* fattens.

Ensew, follow. *Ensude*, followed.

Ensnarle, insnare, intangle as a skain of silk.

Entayled with anticks, engraved or carved with images.

Enterdeale, mediation.

Enterprize, sometimes signifies to give reception to one.

Entertake, to entertain.

Entrailed, intermingled, interlaced, interwoven.

Enure, accustom to, make use of, practise.

Errant Knights, who travel about the world seeking adventures.

Eschewed, avoided. *Eschew*, avoid.

Essoyne, withdraw to a distance; separate.

Espial, sight, spying.

Essoyne, excuse for not appearing.

Evangely, gospel.

Ewftes, efts, newts, or evets, *Upton*. Lizzards, *Hughes*.

Ewghenbow, a bow of yew.

Exanimate, lifeless, dead.

Excheat, accident, or a property fallen to one in any thing.

Exprest, pressed out, squeezed out.

Extirpe, to extirpate, to root out.

Extreat, extraction, drawing out.

Eyas Hawke, a term in falconry, signifying a young hawk newly fledged, and fit for flight.

Eyne, *Ene*, eyes.

F.

Fade, to vanish, to perish, to go away.

Faine, *doest faine*, art desirous.

Falsed, falsified, deceived.

Fare, to go. *Faring*, going on.

Fatal read, prophetical ad-

vice. Fatal errour, a wandring voyage ordered by the Fates.

Fay, faith, truth; sometimes it signifies a Fairy.

Faytor, doer. *False faytor*, a deceiver.

Fealty, fealty or homage.

Fearen, to frighten.

Feculent, foul, full of dregs.

Fell, fierce, cruel; also gall. *Felly*, fiercely, cruelly.

Fellonest, most fierce.

Feminitee, womanhood. State and dignity of a woman.

Fere, a companion. *Feres*, companions.

Ferme, as *fleshly ferme*, fleshly prison.

Fest, feast, for the rhyme.

Fett, *Fet*, fetch.

Feutred his speare, to set his speare in his rest.

Field, is often used for fight, combat, battle.

Fiaunt, warrant.

Fine, end

Firmes his eye, keeps his eye steady and firm.

Flatling, flat.

Flight, arrow.

Flit, *Fleet*, swift, *Upton.* To fluctuate, to be in motion, *Hughes.*

Flourets, blossoms, or little flowers.

Foemen, foes.

Foile, leaf. *Golden foile*, leaf gold.

Foind, pushed.

Folke-mote, a meeting or assembly of folk or people.

Foltring tongue, faltering, falling, or tripping.

Fon, fool. *Fond*, foolish.

Fond, did find, for the rhyme.

Fone, foes.

Fordoo, undo, destroy, ruin.

Forby, near to.

Forehent, seized, caught hold of.

Forelent, lent before hand.

Foresay, renounce, *Upton.*

Foresaid, forbid, *Hughes.*

Forestall, to intercept.

Forethink, to repine or be concerned at any thing.

Forewent, forsook, went out of their way.

Forgone, loſt, neglected, forſaken.
Forlore, *Forlorne*, loſt, forſaken, wretched.
Forpined, much pined, conſumed.
Forray, to ravage, ſpoil.
Foreſlackt, delayed.
Forſlow, delay.
Forſwat, exhauſted with ſweat.
Forſwonk, wearied, overlaboured.
Forthy, therefore, wherefore, why.
Fortilage, fort.
Forworn, much worn.
Foſter, for foreſter.
Fouldring, thundering, blaſting with lightning.
Foyſon, plenty.
Franchiſe, to free or ſet at liberty.
Franion, one of too free or looſe behaviour.
Frankelin, a freeman or gentleman.
Fray, to frighten.
Freakes, whimſeys, mad actions.
Frenne, ſtranger.
Frett, to eat, conſume. 'Tis uſed in another ſenſe; to *frett*, to adorn; *fretted*, adorned.
Frize, a warm kind of woollen clothing.
Frory, froze, frozen.
Frounce, curl, criſp.
Frowy, frowzy, moſſy, muſty.
Fry of children, fry, ſpawn.
Furniment, furniſhing, furniture.

G.

Gage, pledge, pawn, ſecurity.
Galage, a wooden ſhoe.
Game, *'twixt earneſt and game*, betwixt earneſt and jeſt.
Gan, for began.
Garres, cauſes; as, *garres thee greet*.
Gate, a way.
Gazement, gazing.
Geare, ſtuff, attire, furniture, equipage, dreſs.
Geaſon, uncommon, perplexing.

Geld, a gelding, *Upton*. *Gelt*, gold, *Hughes*.

Gentlesse, the behaviour of a gentleman.

German, brother, or near kinsman.

Gerne, yawn.

Gests, deeds, actions, exploits, feats.

Giambeaux, boots, greaves, armour for the legs.

Gibe and geare, joke and jeer.

Gin, begin. *Gin*, engine, contrivance.

Giusts, justs or tournaments; more particularly single combat on horseback with spears and swords.

Glade, a passage; generally for a passage cut through a wood.

Glave, a sword.

Glee, mirth.

Glen, a valley.

Glib, a curled bush of hair hanging down over the eyes.

Glitterand, glittering.

Glode, did glide, glance, or swiftly pass.

Glozing speeches, flattering, deceitful.

Gnarre, to snarl or bark.

Gondelay, properly a Venetian wherry.

Goodlyhead, goodliness.

Gore, pierce.

Gorge, throat.

Gorget, armour defending the throat.

Grange, a granery, barn, farm.

Grayle, some particles, or gravel. Also used in B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. for the sacred dish in the last supper of our Saviour.

Greave, for grove.

Gree, liking, satisfaction, pleasure.

Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain.

Gride, *Gryde*, to strike, wound, pierce, or cut through.

Grieffull, full of grief.

Griple, one that snatches greedily, a griping miser.

Groom, shepherd, herdsman.
Groynd, grunted.
Guarish, to garish, to dress out gorgeously.
Gueld, a guildhall.
Guerdon, reward, recompense, prize.
Guilers, cheats.
Guise, *Guize*, way, fashion, manner, *Upton*. Form, habit, condition. *Hughes*.
Gyre, circling, turning round.

H.

Haberjeon, armour covering the neck and breast, *Upton*. Armour covering the head and shoulders, *Hughes*.
Habiliments, apparel, clothing.
Hable, fit, ready, able, apt, nimble.
Hacqueton, a piece of armour.
Hafendeale, in partition.
Halidom, Holy Dame; an oath by the Virgin Mary.
Han, for have
Harbrough, harbour.
Hardy, brave, bold. *Hardiment*, courage, boldness.
Hardyhood, *Hardyhead*, a brave state of mind.
Harrow, to lay waste, to destroy.
Harrow! an interjection and exclamation shewing distress.
Hask, a wicker basket to carry fish.
Hauberg, *Hauberque*. Vide *Haberjeon*.
Haught corage, high mind.
Haulst, embraced.
Heast, *Hest*, or *Behest*, command, precept.
Heben bow, a bow made of ebony.
Heydeguies, a sort of country dances.
Hem, them.
Hidder and shidder, he and she.
Hend, to take hold of.
Hent, seized.
Herbars, herbs, plants.

Herried, *Heried*, to praise, to celebrate.
Herse, rehearsal.
Hie, to go, to hasten.
Hide, hastened.
Hight, named, called.
Hild, covered.
Hilding, a term of reproach.
Hold, B. ii. C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the castle is put for the castle itself.
Hole, so spelled in the 1st and 2d quartos, in the folios *whole*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 38.
Hood, condition, state. Frequently used in compounds, as knighthood, priesthood, widowhood, &c.
Hore, hoar, hoary, *Upton*. White; sometimes it signifies squallid, filthy, rough, *Hughes*.
Hostry, an inn.
Hot, *Hote*, from *Hight*, was named, called.
Housling fire, sacramental fire.
Hove, for heave.
Hoving, hovering, floating.
Humblesse, humility.
Hurlen forth, rush forth.
Hurtle, to rush with violence.
Hurtling, rushing, thrusting.
Hymen iö Hymen, the nuptial song at weddings, invocating the god Hymenæus.

I.

Javel, seems to signify a slandering fellow.
Idlesse, idleness.
Iesses, straps of leather fastened on the hawk's legs when held in the fist.
Impacable, so the quartos and folios; but *Hughes implacable*.
Impe, child or offspring.
Impeach, sometimes used by Spenser in the sense of the French word *empecher*, to hinder.
Importable, not to be borne.

In, *Inn*, *Inne*, an inn, a chamber, a houſe.
Incontinent, immediately, inſtantly, forthwith.
Indigne, unworthy.
Infant, the Prince, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56, *&c.*
Inferd, brought on.
Infeſt, deadly.
Ingate, entrance.
Ingowes, ingots.
Intendement, attention, underſtanding, thought.
Intereſſe, intereſt.
Intreat, ſpeak of, treat of.
Intuſe, contuſion, bruiſe.
Iollyhead, a ſtate of jollity.
Iouiſance, *Ioyaunce*, rejoicing, diverſion.
Ire, *Yre*, wrath, anger.

K.

Keep, care, heed, cuſtody, charge. *Keeping*, guard.
Keight, caught.
Ken, *Kenn*, to know, to ſpy, to diſcover.
Kend, *Kent*, knew, kenned.
Kerns, countrymen or boors.
Keſars, *Keaſar*, emperors, cæſars, czars.
Keſt, caſt.
Keſtrel, a ſort of hawk of the baſer breed.
Kidſt, doſt know.
Kight, a kite.
Kilt, for killed.
Kirtle, a woman's gown.
Kond, kend, knew.
Kynd, nature. *Kyndly*, natural.
Kynded, begotten.
Kyne, cows or herds.

L.

Lad, led, did lead.
Laid, taint.
Lare, *Laire*, laire of a deer.
Latched, caught.
Lay, a ſong. *Layes*, ſongs, poems.
Lay, the earth or ground.
Layſtall, a place to lay dung or rubbiſh.
Lazars, leprous perſons.
Leach, ſurgeon, or phyſician.
Leare, *Leares*, *Leres*, doctrine, learning, ſcience.

Leasing, lying.
Leavd, leved, raised.
Ledden, language, dialect.
Leef, or *Lief*, willing. *As lief*, more willing.
Leese, lost.
Legierdemayne, sleight of hand.
Leman, sweetheart, concubine, mistress.
Lenger, longer.
L'Envoy, the epilogue after a copy of verses.
Lest, listen.
Lever, rather.
Levin, lightning.
Levin-brond, thunderbolt.
Lewdly, ignorantly.
Libbard, leopard.
Lich, like.
Liefe, dear. *Liefer*, *Lever*, dearer. *Liefest*, dearest.
Liege-lord, sovereign lord.
Liege-man, who owes allegiance to the liege lord.
Lig, or *Liggen*, to lie.
Lignage, lineage or descent.
Lilled out his tongue, for lolled out, &c.
Limehound, a blood hound.
Limiter, one that goes about selling indulgences.
Lin, to lean, give way. Sometimes to cease or give over.
Lincolne greene, a species of cloth manufactured at Lincoln.
Lists, ground inclosed for tilts or tournaments.
Lite, alight, get off horse.
Lived mortally, *i. e.* lived among mortals.
Livelod, livelihood, maintenance.
Livelyhed, liveliness, life, spirit.
Livery and seisin, law phrases.
Lone, a thing lent, a loan.
Long, belong.
Loord, as, *lazy Loord*, idle fellow.
Lordings, Sirs, Masters. A dim. of Lord.

Lore, learning, inſtruction.
Lore, for *Lorn*, left, loſt.
Lorel, *Loſel*, a liar, cheat, a looſe fellow.
Lover, or *Loover*, a chimney or opening in the roof of a cottage.
Lout, to bow ſervilely, to crouch.
Lugs, perches.
Luſk, *luſkiſh*, *luſkiſhneſs*, a lazy diſpoſition.
Luſtleſſe, liſtleſsly.
Luſtyhed, luſtineſs, vigour.
Luſtleſs, weak, not luſty.
Lyte, light on, ſettle, fall on.
Lythe, ſoft.

M.

Mage, magician, enchanter.
Magnes ſtone, the load ſtone.
Mahoune, Mahomet. By *Mahoune*, a Saracen oath.
Make, a mate, conſort. To *make*, (verb) to compoſe verſes.
Malefices, evil deeds.
Malicing, bearing of malice.
Maligne, maliciouſly . abuſe.
Maltalent, ill will, ſpite.
Mand, manned, furniſhed, filled.
Manner, behaviour, carriage.
Mantleth, diſplayeth his wings. A term in falconry.
Many, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. 11. &c.
Marge, margin, brim.
Mark white, the white mark.
Martelled, hammered, beat.
Mas, uſed for divine ſervice.
Mated, conquered, ſubdued.
Maugre, in ſpite of, againſt one's will, notwithſtanding.
Mayle, a coat of mail.
Mazed, ſtunned.
Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple.

Meane, mean conditions, occasion.
Meare, a meer, limit, or boundary.
Medle, to mingle.
Meed, reward, prize.
Mell, to intermeddle.
Mene, did mean, intended.
Ment, mingled.
Merciable, merciful.
Merciifyde, pitied.
Merimake, merriment.
Mesprise, neglect, contempt, scorn.
Met, meet.
Mew, a place to mue hawks. Any place shut up.
Mickle, much.
Mieve, for move.
Mincing minion, finical affected darling.
Minime, a minim in music.
Miniments, toys, trifles.
Minished, for diminished.
Mirk, dark, obscure.
Mirksome air, obscure, foul.
Miscreated, created amiss, ill begotten.
Miscreant, originally signifies Infidel, or one of a wrong belief.
Misdone, for misdo, *i. e.* to do amiss.
Misfare, misfortune.
Misleeke, dislike.
Mister, manner, sort, art, mystery.
Mistereth not, needs not.
Mistrayned, wrongly trained, instructed amiss; or misled, drawn aside.
Misween, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.
Miswent, gone astray.
Mo, *Moe*, more.
Mochel, much.
Moldwarps, moles.
Mome, a stupid fellow.
Monastere, a monastery.
Mone, sorrow.
Morion, head-piece, helmet.
Mote, must, might.
Mott, did mete or measure.
Moulds, grows mouldy.
Mountenaunce, the amount of any thing, quantity, distance.

Mowes, making of mouths.
Muchel, much.
Munificence, subsidies, aid, benevolence.
Mured, inclosed.
Muzd, mused.

N.

Nar, near, or nearer.
Nas, has not.
Nathless, *Nathelesse*, not the less, nevertheless.
Nathemore, *Nathemoe*, never the more.
Ne, neither, not.
Needments, necessaries.
Nempt, named.
Nett, neat, clean.
Newell, novelty.
Newfanglenesse, a love of novelty and changes.
Nill, will not. Cont. for *ne will*.
Nimblesse, nimbleness.
Noblesse, nobility.
Nonce, *for the nonce*, for the occasion.
Not, *Note*, know not. Cont. for *ne wot*.
Nould, would not.
Noule, the crown of the head.
Nouriture, nurture, education.
Nourse, to nourse.
Noyance, harm.
Noyd, annoyed or hurt.
Noyous, hurtful or baleful.

O.

Obsequy, funeral rites.
Offal, refuse, dross.
Ordele, a trial by fire, water, or combat.
Overcame, came over it.
Overcraw, to crow over, to insult.
Overhent, overtook.
Overgrast, overgrown with grass.
Overraught, reaching over.
Overred, did read it over.
Overwent, overwhelmed.
Overweening, self-conceited, opinionated.
Ought, owned.
Ought the more, the more at all.
Out-well, flow out, yield out, discharge.
Out of hand, forthwith.
Out-win, get out, win the way out.

Owches, boſſ[illegible], or buttons of gold.

P.

Pace, go.
Painim, pagan, infidel.
Paire, impaire, diminiſh.
Palfrey, a horſe; moſt commonly a lady's pad.
Pall, a robe.
Paled part per part, a phraſe in heraldry.
Palmer, a pilgrim.
Panachæa, an univerſal medicine.
Pannikell, the ſkull, the crown of the head.
Paragon, an example, pattern; companion, or fellow.
Paramour, a lover.
Paravaunt, peradventure, by chance.
Parbreake, vomit.
Parture, departure.
Pas, go. Alſo ſurpaſs, exceed.
Paſe, B. iii. C. 1. St. 19. ſignifies here, country, land, region.
Pavone, peacock.
Paunce, a pancy, or violet.
Payne, pains, endeavour.
Peark, briſk.
Peece, a fort, a ſtrong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10. St. 59. &c.
Peiſe, poiſe. *Payſd*, poiſed.
Perdie, Fr. *par. Dieu*, an old oath.
Pere, companion. *Peres*, companions, equals.
Peregal, equal.
Perforce, by force.
Perling, purling, trickling down.
Perlous, perilous, dangerous.
Perſaunt, piercing.
Perſue, purſuing, purſuit, or chace.
Pheer, companion.
Phyſnomy, phyſiognomy.
Pictúrals, paintings.
Pight, placed, pitched, fixed.
Pill, to rob, to pillage.
Pine, to pine, to waſte away.
Pionings, works of pioneers.

Pleine, to complain.
Plaint, complaint.
Pleasaunce, pleasure.
Plesh, for the rhyme, a plash.
Plight, circumstance, condition.
Point, armed completely, *Hughes*. *Car'd not for God or man a point*, not at all, not a tittle, *Upton*. Armed at all points, *ib*.
Poize, weight.
Polaxe, or battle-axe.
Pols and pils, plunders and pillages.
Port, behaviour, carriage.
Portaunce, comportment, carriage.
Portcullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or draw up at pleasure.
Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book.
Pouldred, reduced to powder.
Pousse, pease.
Poynant, poignant, sharp, piercing.
Practicke pai[illegible], the cunning practice, plot, and endeavour.
Prank, *Some prank their ruffes*, *i. e.* exhibit forth, and proudly shew. *Prankt in reason's garb*, pompously set forth, arrogantly tricked out.
Preace, press, throng, crowd.
Prest, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for pressed.
Pretended, shewn forth, held out.
Prick, to prick as with spurs.
Pricking on the plaine, riding on the plain.
Priefe, proof.
Prive, prove.
Prise, scuffle, fight.
Procurd, solicited, entreated.
Propense, weigh, consider, premeditate.
Protense, extension, drawing out.

Prow, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Prowest*, braveſt.

Puiſſaunce, valour, power, might. *Puiſſant*, powerful, mighty.

Purfled, flouriſhed with a needle, *Hughes*. Embroidered or decorated as with embroidery, *Upton*.

Purpoſe, diſcourſe, talk, words.

Purvay, provide.

Puttockes, bitterns, kites. So Gloſſ. to Chaucer.

Pyned ghoſt. Vide *Pine*.

Pyonings Vide *pionings*.

Q.

Quadrate, a ſquare.

Quaid, ſubdued. Perhaps inſtead of quailed or quelled.

Quaile, to ſubdue, to quell, *Upton*. *Quail*, to languiſh, *Hughes*.

Quaint, nice, curious.

Quarle, B. ii. C. 11. St. 33. contracted from *Quarrel*, ſhaft, arrow.

Quarrey, prey.

Quart, the weſtern diviſion; the fourth part.

Quayd. Vide *Quaid*.

Queem, or *Queam*, pleaſe.

Queint, quenched.

Queint elect, quaintly, or oddly choſen.

Quell, ſometimes uſed for to die.

Queſt, adventure, exploit.

Quich, to quicken, to ſtir.

Quight, to deliver, to free.

Quip, taunt, flout.

Quite, to requite.

Quited, requited, returned.

Quook, did quake, did ſhake, did tremble.

R.

Race. Vide *Raſt*.

Rad, for did read; or gueſſed.

Raſt, *Reſt*, bereſt, bereaved, *Upton*. Rent, tore, *Hughes*.

Raid. Vide *Ray*.

Raile, *adowne their ſides did raile*, *i. e.* flow or run along.

Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule or kingdom.

Ramp, to paw, or fly out, like a mad horſe.
Rank, in order.
Ranſackt, plundered, rifled, violated.
Rapt, in rapture.
Raſh, mailes did raſh, did break, did ſhiver in pieces.
Raſt, *Razed*, eraſed, effaced.
Rathe, early.
Raught, reached, did reach.
Ravin, rapine, ſpoil, ravening.
To *Ray*, diſcolour, beray.
Ray, for *Array*, ornament, furniture. Alſo for in ray, in array, in order and rank.
Read, *Reed*, to adviſe, warn, pronounce, declare, interpret, gueſs, divine. Likewiſe counſel, advice, propheſy.
Reave, to bereave, or take away violently.
Readifyde, rebuild.
Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel.
Reck, care, reckon, account.
Reclayme, call back.
Recoure, recover.
Recule, *Recuile*, to recoil, go back, or give way.
Recreant, out of hope, untruſty, cowardly.
Redoubted, reverenced, honoured, feared.
Redounding tears, abounding and flowing over.
Regiment, rule, government.
Relate, bring back.
Relent his pace, to ſlacken, to ſtay.
Reliven, to live again.
Remercied, thanked.
Rencounter, accidental fight or adventure.
Renforſt, reinforced.
Renfierſt, reinfierced, again made fierce and bold.
Renns, for runs.
Renverſt, turned upſide down; overturned.
Replevie, to redeem, to recover by a replevy.
Repriefe, reproof.

Reprize, to make reprisals.

Reseized, reinstated in possession again.

Resiant, lodged, placed, resident.

Retrate, *Retraitt*, picture, portrait; air of the face. Also retreat, fall back, give ground.

Retyrd, drawn out.

Reverse, recall, return.

Revest, dress again, to clothe again.

To *Rew*, rue, pity. *Rew*, a row. In a *Rew*, in a row.

Ribauld, a debauched fellow.

Rife, frequent; fully, abundantly.

Rift, gap, cleft, chink, or crack.

To *Rive*, to cleave asunder. *Riven*, rent, split, torn asunder.

Rode, inroad.

Ronts, young bullocks.

Roode, a cross.

Rosiere, rose tree.

Rote, harp, or crowd.

Rove, *didst rove*, i. e. didst shoot thy roving arrows.

Rowndell, a round bubble.

Royne, to bite or gnaw.

Rue. Vide *Rew*.

Ruffs, ornaments for the neck, of plain or *ruffled* muslin or cambrick.

Ruinate, brought to ruin, overthrown.

Ruing, pitying. *Ruefully*, pitifully.

Ruth, pity.

Rybauld. Vide *Ribauld*.

Ryse. Vide *Rife*.

Ryved. Vide *Rive*.

S.

Sad, grave.

Safe her, her excepted.

Salewd, saluted.

Saliaunce, sally, or assault.

Salve his hurts, to cure, to remedy.

Salved, saluted.

Sam, same; sometimes it signifies together.

Samite, satin.

Say, a thin sort of silk stuff. *A sword of better say*, of better proof, assay.

Scarmoges, ſkirmiſhings.
Scath, harm, miſchief.
Scatterlings, ſcattered rovers or ravagers.
Scerne, diſcern.
Sclave, ſlave.
Sclaunders, ſlanders.
Scord, marked, engraved.
Score, reckoning.
Scorſe, exchange.
Scrine, *Scryne*, cheſt, coffer.
Scruze, ſqueeze out, preſs out.
Scryde, deſcried.
Sdaine, diſdain. *Sdeigned*, diſdained.
Seare, dry, conſumed, burning, parching.
See, ſeat, habitation.
Seely, ſilly.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Sele, a ſeal-fiſh.
Select ſhapes, choſen, elegant.
Sell, ſaddle.
Semblaunt, ſhew, pretence, appearance.
Seminary, a nurſery.
Seneſchall, a preſident, governor, or ſteward.
Sens, uſed f : ſince.
Sent, the ſcent, the ſmelling out.
Sew, follow. *Sewing*, following. *Sewde*, followed.
Shallop, a boat.
Shawmes, muſical inſtruments. Pſ. xcviii. 7. *Shawm* is thought to ſignify a hautboy.
Sheene, B. ii. C. I. St 10.
Shend, to diſgrace, to blame, to ſpoil.
Shere, pure, clear.
To *Shrieve*, to act the part of a confeſſor. *Shrift*, or *Shriving*, confeſſion.
Shright, ſhrieked. *Shrightes*, ſhriekings.
Shrill, to ſound ſhrilly.
To *Shrowd*, to ſhelter. *Shrouded in ſleep*, covered, ſheltered.
Shyne, ſhining, brightneſs.
Sib, related, of kin.
Sich, for ſuch.
Siege, ſeat, bench, throne.
Sient, a graff, ſprig, or young ſhoot.

Sight, sigh
Sike, such.
Siker, sure, surely.
Sikernesse, surenesse, safety.
Simplesse, simplicity.
Sin, used for since.
Singulfes, *Singults*, sighs, sobbings.
Sit, *sits not*, suits not. *Ill it sits*, it ill agrees, ill becomes.
Sith, since that.
Sithes, times.
Sithens, since that time.
To *Slug*, to grow sluggish.
Smouldry, hot, sweltering.
Snar, to snarl.
Snarled haire, *i. e.* intangled, as a skain of silk.
Sneb, to snub or check.
Snubbes, knobbs or knotts in wood.
Sods, turfs, clods of earth.
Sold, salary, hire; a soldier's pay.
Somme, the sum, substance.
Soote, sweet, or sweetly.
Soothlich, soothly, true.
Sort, company. In *sort*, in such sort or manner.
Soucing, plunging, falling.
Souldan, *Soudan*, *Soldan*, a king, tyrant, sovereign.
Sovenaunce, remembrance, recollection.
Sowndes, inlets of the sea between headlands.
Sowne, sound. *With shrieking sowne*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30.
Soyle, the prey, the soiled beast.
Space, walk about, range about.
Spalles, shoulders.
Sperre the gate, bar, or shut the gate.
Spersed air, for dispersed air.
Spill, to spoil, to destroy.
Spilt, shed, scattered over.
Spire, to breathe.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Springal, a youth, a stripling.
Spyals, espials, spies.
Spyre, it doth spire forth, or grow up to the fairest flower.
Stadle, staff.

Stales, incitements, devices, tricks.
Stank, weary or faint.
Starke, ſtiff with cold.
Star-read, doctrine of the ſtars; aſtronomy.
Steane, for ſtone.
Sted, place, ſeat, ſtation, ſituation.
Steeme, ſmoke. *Steemed*, had exhaled.
Steemed, eſteemed.
Stent, ſtint, ſtay, ſtop.
Stept, ſteeped, ſocked, wetted.
Sterne, tail.
Sterve, to periſh, to die.
Steven, ſound, noiſe.
Stire, ſtir or move.
Stole, a garment, a matron's robe.
Stond, ſtand, ſtation.
Stonied, aſtoniſhed, or ſtunned.
Stoond. Vide *Stonied*.
Stound, *Stownd*, ſpace, moment, ſeaſon, hour, time.
Stoup, in falconry, when the hawk on wing ſtrikes at the fowl.
Stour, *St*... fight, ſtir, trouble, misfortune, fit.
Straine, *Strene*, race, deſcent, family, origin.
Strayt, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40.
Streſſe, diſtreſs.
To *Stye*, to aſcend, to mount up.
Subverſt, ſubverted, overthrown.
Succeſſe, ſucceſſion.
Suffuſed eyes, bedewed, ſuffuſed with tears.
Suppreſſing, keeping under.
Suppreſt, raviſhed.
Surbet, wearied.
Surceaſe, ſtop.
Surquedry, pride, preſumption.
Suite, ſuit, petition, requeſt.
Swart, ſwarthy, black.
Swarving, ſwerving, giving way, going from.
Sway, management, direction, rule, motion.
Swaath-bands, ſwathe or ſwaddling-bands.
Swelt, burnt, ſuffocated with heat, fainted.

Swerved, moved, wandered out of his place.
Swinck, labour.
Swound, a ſwoon or fainting fit.

T.

Targe, a buckler or ſhield.
Taſſel, *Toſſel*, a twiſted or buſhy ornament of ſilk, gold, or ſilver.
Taſſel gent, a gentle, tame male hawk.
Teade, a torch.
Teene, *Tine*, *Tyne*, trouble, miſchief, injury.
Tenor, the middle part next the baſe.
Thee, thrive, proſper. *Well mote ye thee*, B. ii. C. I. St. 33.
Thewes, manners, qualifications, cuſtoms.
Thilk, this, that.
Tho, then.
Thralled, enſlaved. *Thralls*, ſlaves.
Thrill, to pierce through.
Throw, *that laſt bitter throw*, pain, pangs. *So mighty throwes*, ſtrokes, blows.
To ſleep a throwe, a ſmall while or ſpace.
Thruſt, *Thirſtie*, thirſt.
Tickle, ſlippery, unſtable, ticklish.
Tide, a while, time, ſeaſon, an hour.
Tight, tied.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Tire, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance.
Tort, wrong, injury.
Totty, dizzy, tottering.
Touzd, tugged and hauled about.
Tract, *by tract*, by tracing, by tract and footing.
Trade, tread, trace, or footſtep. Do *Trade*, do walk.
Train, *Trayn*, the train or tail. Likewiſe uſed for treachery, deceit.
Tramels, nets.
Tranſlated, turned them to.
Tranſmew, to transform, tranſmute.
Tranſverſe, awry, out of order.

Traft, followed as by tract or footing.

Traveile, labour.

Treachour, *Treachetour*, traitor.

Treague, a truce, cessation of arms; agreement.

Treen, of a tree, wooden.

Trenchand, *Trenchant*, cutting, sharp.

Troad, path, footing.

Trow, believe, imagine, conceive.

To *Truss*, a term in falconry, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground.

Turnament, *Turneyment*, *Turney*, a sort of single combat on horseback, commonly with lances.

Turribant, a turban.

Tway, two; *in Tway*, in two. *His Twaine*, his couple.

Tweght, twit, upbraid.

Twitin, to blame, to upbraid.

Twyfold, twofold.

V. U.

Vaded, gone.

Valew, value, worth, valour.

Vantage, profit.

Vauncing, advancing.

Vaunt, to boast.

Vellenage, rather *Villenage*, the meanest and lowest of tenure.

Venery, hunting of wild beasts, B. i. C. 6. St. 22.

Venger, revenger.

Ventayle, the fore part of the helmet, to give vent or air to the face by lifting up.

Venteth into the wind, snuffs the wind.

Vere the maine shete, turn, shift.

Vetchy bed, (Shep. Cal.) bed of pease straw.

Vilde, vile.

Virelays, a kind of songs.

Visnomie, physiognomy, visage, aspect.

Umbriere, the visor of the helmet.

Uncouth, unuſual, ſtrange, harſh; odd, deformed.

Underfong, attempt by unfair and indirect means.

Undertime, the afternoon, toward the evening, B. iii. C. 7. St. 13.

Undight, not dight, diſordered; looſened, untied.

Unneth, difficult, ſcarcely, with difficulty. Sometimes it ſignifies almoſt.

Unhele, to diſcover, to bewray.

Unherſt, took them from the herſe or temporary monument where they were uſually hanged, B. v. C. 3. St. 37.

Unkempt, unadorned; or void of grace or elegance.

Unkend, not known.

Unlich, unlike.

Unpurvaide, unprovided, not furniſhed.

Unreſt, diſquiet, uneaſineſs.

Unſoot, unſweet.

Unwares, unexpectedly, uncautiouſly, unwarily.

Unweeting, unknowing, unawares, ignorant.

Unwiſt, not thought of, unknown.

Upbraſt, burſt open.

Upbrayes, upbraidings, reproaches.

Upwreaked, unrevenged.

W.

Wage, a pledge; likeways reward, wages.

Waift, a ſtray.

War, worſe.

War-hable, able or powerful in war.

Ware, wary, cautious.

Ware, did wear.

Wareleſs, ſtupified.

War-old, old in war or ſtrife.

Warray, to make war upon, to haraſs with war.

Warriourеſſe, a woman warrior, an Amazon.

Watchet, pale, blue.

Wawes, waves, *Upton.*

Wawes, waves, perhaps for woes, *Hughes.*

Way, weigh, value, esteem.
Wayment, to bewail, lament.
Wayne, *Waine*, chariot.
Weal-away, *Wele-away*, alas.
Ween, *Weenen*, imagine, judge.
Weet, to know. *Weeten*, to wit.
Weetless, unknowing.
Weste, wafted. *Weste*, waved, avoided, put off.
West, (noun) a stray; whatever wanders and is lost.
Weld, did well, spring, flow. To *Weld*, to move, to wield, to govern.
Wele, weal, welfare.
Welke, to set, decrease, wither; to grow faint.
Welkin, the sky, firmament.
Welter, to wallow.
Wend, to go. *Wend*, for *Weened*, imagine.
Went, way, journey, *Upton*. Going, course, *Hughes*.
To *west*, to set in the west.
Wex, to increase, to grow.
Whally, full of whales.
Whatso, whatsoever.
Whenso, whensoever.
Whilome, *Whylome*, formerly, some while ago.
Whist, hushed, silenced.
Whit, a little part.
Whot, hot.
Whyleare, erewhile, sometime before.
Wicked herbes, noxious, poisonous.
Wield, *Weld*, manage, handle, govern, direct, turn, sway, &c.
Wight, creature, person.
Wightly, quickly.
Wimble, shifting to and fro.
Wimpled, folded over like a vail.
Wise, guise, appearance.
To *Wis*, to know. *Wist*, thought, knew.
Wite, blame, reproach.
Withhault, withholden, withdrew.

Woe begonne, far gone in woe; overwhelmed.

Wonne, is used in two senses; in the first, for to overcome, gain the victory, from *to win*. In the second place, for to dwell, to inhabit, from the German *wonen*.

Won, to use, to be wont.

Wont, custom, manner.

Woo, to court, or win by courting.

Wood, mad. *Woodness*, madness.

Wot, to know. *Wotest*, knowest.

Wowed, wooed, for the rhyme.

Woxed, waxed.

Wrast, wrest, for the rhyme.

Wreake, to revenge. *Wroke*, revenged.

Wreakful, revengeful.

Wrest, wrist.

Wrizled, wrinkled.

Wroken, wreaked, revenged

Wyle, beguile.

Wyte. Vide *Wite*.

Y.

Ybet, beaten.

Ybent, bent, inclined, addicted.

Yblent, blinded, or confounded.

Ybrent, burnt.

Yclad, clad, clothed.

Ycleped, called, named.

Ydlesse, idleness.

Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded, feared.

Yearne, earn, get, procure.

Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go.

Yeoman, sometimes signifies servant.

Yerks, yerks, jerks, lashes.

Yeven, given.

Yfere, in company, together.

Yfostered, fostered, nourished, brought up.

Yfraught, freighted, loaden.

Yfretted, the same as fretted.

Ygoe, gone.

Yit, yet; for the rhyme.

Ylike, alike.

Ymagery, images, figures.

Ymolt, molten, melted.
Ymp, *Impe*, offspring.
Ympt, grafted on, fixed on as a graff.
Yod. Vide *Yeed.*
Yold, yielded.
Yond, beyond.
Yore, of yore, anciently, formerly.
Youngth, youth.
Younker, a lusty young man.
Ypaid. Vide *Apaid.*
Ypent, pent up, or folded like sheep.
Ypight, placed.
Yplaste, placed.
Yplight, plighted.
Yrapt, rapt in an ecstasy.
Yre, ire, anger.
Yrent, rent.
Yrived, rived, riven.
Yroke, *Ywreaken*, *Ywroken*, wreaked, revenged.
Ysame, collected together.
Yshend, to spoil, to disgrace.
Ywis, *Iwis*, truly, indeed; to my own knowledge. Sometimes used expletively, sometimes ironically.

CONTENTS.

AMORETTI: OR, SONNETS.

	Page
G. W. Sen. to the Author,	5
G. W. Jun. to the fame,	6
Eighty-eight Sonnets,	7,—50

ELEGIAC POEMS.

Daphnaida: an Elegy upon the death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard, *&c.* Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Helena Marchioneſs of Northampton,	51
Aſtrophel: a paſtoral Elegy upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney. Dedicated to the Counteſs of Eſſex,	73
The Mourning Muſe of Theſtylis,	87
The Tears of the Muſes. Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. the Lady Strange,	101
The Ruines of Rome,	126
The Ruines of Time. Dedicated to the Rt. Noble Lady, Mary Counteſs of Pembrook,	143

Muiopotmos: or, The Fate of the Butterfly. Dedicated to the Lady Carey, 170
Britain's Ida. In six Cantos. Dedicated t[o the] Rt. Noble Lady, Mary daughter to George [Duke] of Buckingham,
Glossary, 20[illegible]

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Feb. 28. 1778.

THE END.